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A Peace Plan for Cyprus

As the toll of violence mounts, as the chasm of hate between the Greek and Turkish communities widens, Cyprus is fast becoming the dominant issue in British politics. The government's solution—force—is a manifest failure. Only a few Tory extremists still believe in it. Among men of all parties, the decision to break off negotiations is now seen as a crucial blunder. From newspapers, platforms and pulpits comes a swelling chorus of criticism.

But to criticise is not enough. The Labour Party has been doing precisely this for three months. If the campaign to end the Cyprus tragedy is to acquire direction and momentum, if the government's hand is to be forced, we must agree on an alternative policy. Earl Attlee, Dr. Fisher, Sir Robert Boothby and Mr. Griffiths have all advanced solutions. Each contains valuable suggestions. What we must now do is to assemble from them a concrete and viable programme around which all those who deplore our present policy can rally.

Clearly, we cannot resume negotiations exactly where they were broken off. In the absence of Makarios, the Cypriot extremists have acquired control of the Enosis movement, and nobody now knows on what terms they will negotiate. In Greece, too, the moderates are in retreat. Yet the elements of a solution remain. No Greek or Cypriot spokesman has yet taken the fatal step of refusing Britain the right to a base on the island. We still have, in Makarios, a publicly-acknowledged leader with whom to negotiate. And Turkey, despite its threats, is unlikely to oppose an agreement signed by Britain and supported by America. The principal problem, in fact, is not one of substance but of method: how to establish, after three months of violence, the machinery of negotiations.

Here, we may well draw a parallel with Tunisia. In July, 1954, confronted with a problem in many ways similar to that in Cyprus, M. Mendès-France carried out a three-stage plan. First, he flew to Tunis and personally delivered a proclamation acknowledging the principle of the Tunisians' claims; the psychological effect of this dramatic move produced an immediate drop in acts of violence. He then held private talks with M. Bourguiba near Paris to establish terms of reference of public negotiations. Finally, he opened negotiations with an official Tunisian delegation, accompanying this with an immediate amnesty for the terrorists who surrendered within a specified period.

This procedure, with suitable modifications, should be adopted in Cyprus. The government's first act should be a public and unequivocal proclamation of the principle of self-determination within a specified time. Next, Makarios should be brought to London for private talks at the Colonial Office. He should be allowed to correspond freely with the Ethnarchy Council and the Greek Government, both to establish his own *bona fides* as the spokesman of Cypriot opinion and to ascertain the terms acceptable to his followers. This stage should be completed by a further public proclamation, signed by both Makarios and the Colonial Secretary, announcing their belief in the possibility of a settlement and calling on the terrorists to lay down their arms; this proclamation should be accompanied by an immediate and convincing amnesty. Within a month of the second proclamation—provided Eoka responds to the appeal—the emergency regulations should be suspended, and an official Cypriot delegation invited to London to negotiate a detailed agreement.

This plan is not a blueprint for a settlement. It does not, for instance, in itself, solve the difficulties presented by the existence of a Turkish minority and the proximity of Cyprus to the Turkish mainland. It is, rather, a practical timetable for the resumption of negotiations and an invitation to both sides to emerge from the uncompromising positions they have adopted. By now, it should be clear to both that the vicious circle of violence—from which neither profits—cannot be broken until each is convinced of the other's genuine desire to reach a settlement; and the plan we have outlined provides the machinery whereby this conviction can be established. It has, however, one weakness: its success will depend largely on the speed with which it is adopted. M. Grandval's famous warning on Morocco applies equally well to Cyprus: *Le temps, c'est du sang.*

Comments on the Week's News

Italian Electoral Trends

The first conclusion to be drawn from the local elections in Italy is that they provide fresh evidence of the stability of the regime. Within the right and centre parties there has been a general leftwards movement: Monarchists and Fascists have lost heavily to the Christian Democrats who, in turn, have lost to the Saragat Social-Democrats. In a number of areas, the government coalition parties have lost seats to the left, but on the whole they have done far better than expected: there is no sign, on the evidence of these elections, that the Demochristians are in any danger of being ousted from their dominant position in Italian politics. There is, however, some reason to believe that advocates of an "opening to the left" have emerged strengthened. The centre politicians who opposed the incorporation of the Nenni Socialists in the coalition have always argued that his weakness *vis-à-vis* his Communist allies made him simply their prisoner. He has now, however, won what appears to be a substantial victory at the expense of the C.P., and his freedom of manœuvre has been correspondingly increased —both within the left coalition and also in the general political arena. What part the process of "de-Stalinisation" played in this switch of votes from Communist to Socialist candidates is problematical—certainly its effects were by no means uniform—but it is now clear that Togliatti will, in future, be forced to negotiate with Nenni on something like equal terms; and this will strengthen the hands of those Demochristians who wish to see him in the government.

East and West Pakistan

Food shortages, political struggle and the clash of personalities have produced one of the recurrent crises in East and in West Pakistan. In East Pakistan, the Awami League President, Maulana Bhashani, had already focused attention on the shortage of rice by a 16-day fast. Last week, when the Speaker refused to allow the presentation of the Budget and adjourned the session of the Assembly *sine die*, the President, General Iskander Mirza, suspended the constitution and took over the administration of the province. For the time being (the constitution allows a two-month suspension with a further extension of four months) East Pakistan will be run by the central Parliament in Karachi. Here, in West Pakistan, the Prime Minister is faced with a revolt in his own party which may well lead to the downfall of the Muslim League as a serious political force; it no longer counts in East Pakistan. When the West Pakistan Muslim League recently challenged the highly respected non-party Chief Minister, Dr. Khan Sahib, after pledging their support, Dr. Khan Sahib immediately responded by forming a new Republican Party. This, he says, was necessary "to serve the people, save democracy, and defeat disruptive elements." The Muslim League had gone too far by suddenly insisting that his Cabinet should be selected from its members. For sound, as well as for opportunist reasons, the new Republican Party was at once sufficiently supported to gain equal votes with the Muslim League in the West Pakistan legislature for the election of a Speaker, and the Chairman gave his casting vote to Dr. Khan Sahib's Party. Political circles in Dacca and Karachi now discuss the chances of co-operation between the Republican Party and the Awami League.

Victory for Awolowo

The elections in the Western Region of Nigeria were significant both because women voted for the first time and because they tested the extent of the split in Chief Awolowo's Action Group, caused by the defection of Mr. Awokoya, his former Minister of Education. So far as can be seen, the women voted on much the same lines as the men and Awokoya's new Nigerian People's Party has so far attracted few adherents from the Action Group. It is quite clear that Chief Awolowo has won a resounding victory. Indeed, he has won many seats in 1956 which five years ago were gained by members who did not then support him. This certainly means that the region has given a vote of confidence to his government and its policy, and particularly to his Action Group's demand that revenue shall be allocated according to the region of origin. Dr. Azikwe and his N.C.N.C. could be accused of wanting to use the wealth of the Yoruba West in order to bolster up the shaky economy of the Ibo East, and it is not surprising that "Zik," who won the West in the Federal elections of eighteen months ago, was well beaten this time. This result will have a profound influence upon the Constitutional Conference to be held in London next September. The main difference in attitude between Awolowo and Azikwe is that the former will be content with regional self-government until the relunctant, Moslem north is ready to enter an independent Nigerian state, while Azikwe does not recognise the Northern Regional Government as representative of its people. As a result of these elections in the Western Region, however, Dr. Awolowo will now represent the west at the September conference, and he will be likely to sympathise more with the fears of the north.

The Trouble at Gwaun-cae-Gurwen

It is unreasonable for anyone who lacks full knowledge of the local facts to offer a confident opinion about the rights and wrongs of the Gwaun-cae-Gurwen affair. It is a terribly serious matter to close two pits on which the whole life of a mining village depends, with no prospect at all of alternative employment for men who have spent their lives in them. On the other hand, the N.C.B. cannot be required to keep indefinitely in operation pits that are uneconomic, especially if the unsatisfactory state of their working is the result of deliberative sabotage or "go-slow." It is not denied that output at the two pits has been consistently a long way below that of comparable pits in the area, or that there have been almost continual troubles leading to strikes without number. The only real question is that of apportioning the blame for these conditions between men and management. The coal at the two pits is of very high quality, but admittedly very difficult to work; and there are big difficulties in the way of greater mechanisation. But even when allowance has been made for these factors, it seems clear that the output has been much too low and that bad industrial relations have been an important cause. The South Wales Miners' organisation, which is a distinctly left-wing body, clearly felt that it could not give the men in these pits full backing against the N.C.B.'s decision to close them; but it also took the view that a further effort to improve output should be made. Even if some of the men have acted as irresponsible trouble-makers, there have evidently been real grievances; and closing the pits would cause the innocent to suffer equally with the guilty. It is to be hoped that the partial reopening, on an experimental basis, will be accompanied by a real attempt to get to the bottom of the trouble by studying the record of the management as well as that of the mine-workers. There is said to be a good twenty years' life in the pits, if they can be properly worked; and this country can ill afford to lose so much really excellent hard coal unless there is finally found to be no way of setting the deplorable situation to rights.

NEXT WEEK

A TRIBUTE TO W. H. AUDEN

Profile with caricature by Vicky

Edmund Wilson : Auden in America

W. H. Auden : A new poem

Co-operators in Congress

Last week's Co-operative Congress was, in general, a quiet affair; but the delegates rightly took a strong line against the clause in the Monopolies bill which authorises retail price maintenance when it is put into effect not by trade associations but by individual firms. This clause, it was argued, would enable suppliers of proprietary articles to continue, with the full backing of the law, practices making it impossible for Co-operatives to count purchases of such articles by their members as ranking for "dividend" in the same way as other purchases, and would render nugatory the restrictions to be placed on similar price maintenance schemes operated by trade associations. (Similar restraints, as Mr. Austen Albu shows on a later page, are laid on "coupon" trading.) The Co-operative movement has, of course, had a grievance in this matter for a long time past, and has been unable to obtain supplies of many articles without undertaking not to pay "dividend" to their purchasers. The "divi." Co-operators argue, is not like an ordinary price rebate as it is paid not in respect of any particular purchase but on the total trading results of each society. Nor is there any valid difference between maintenance plans operated by associations and those operated by single firms having a monopolistic control of particular products, such as branded goods. The Co-operative M.P.s, with Labour support, have been trying to get this clause of the bill amended, but the government has so far refused to meet their fully justified claims. For the rest, the Co-operative Congress agreed to an increase of contributions from societies to the Co-operative Party, and decisively rejected a proposal from the anti-political Leeds society to take the movement out of politics altogether. It also, under the influence of the temperance advocates, refused to accept a proposal for national links with the French wine-growers' co-operatives, with which the Nottingham society has been building up an increasing business. This refusal will appear rather foolish except to strict prohibitionists; but the old temperance traditions of the movement, established in its nonconformist days, die hard, and many Co-operative societies still refuse to supply any alcoholic beverages.

News from Our Own Correspondents

Algiers

Operation Toothcomb

Our Paris Correspondent writes from Algiers: While the plane taking me to North Africa was over the Mediterranean, the Algiers police began "Operation Toothcomb." The first stage was, by Algerian standards, fairly restrained. A few hundred leading Arab citizens (lawyers, dentists, union officials, etc.) were arrested in the middle of the night of May 24, and the majority—against whom no legal charges could be brought—sent to *camps d'hébergement*. According to the press officer at the Government-General in Algiers, this was merely a routine action, of no political significance. Only 72, he told me, were still in prison. Not many, really. Anyway, nothing to make a fuss about. (This figure, I should explain, is challenged by Arab sources, who claim that 400 are still under arrest.) He then went on to explain to me that there was no "war" in Algeria. The phrase was a simple invention of the "defeatists." "You'll see for yourself—life here is completely normal."

Next day, I did indeed see for myself—the second stage of "Operation Toothcomb." Some 10,000 soldiers and police, heavily armed, surrounded the Casbah at two in the morning, and for the next 18 hours searched every house and tenement. During the day, columns of "suspects," under strong guard, were marched to the Place du Gouvernement and bundled into trucks for transportation to "identification centres." I saw one of these columns—Arabs of all ages, from boys of 15 to old men, all with their hands above their heads, their faces pale with fright. What shocked me most, however, was the reactions of the French bystanders as they watched the column trudge along. They made no attempt to hide their satisfaction. The women in particular—many of them young and pretty—shouted and screamed and hurled abuse. Who, after seeing this, could believe in the line I was handed out at the Government-General—"the Franco-Arab community, living in perfect harmony, menaced only by a handful of outlaws"? Why, I asked a Frenchman who was cheering lustily, was he so pleased? He was only too delighted to reply: "We've got to show these people a little force. We've got to clean out that Casbah. It's full of terrorists. That's how we'll get the ringleaders. It should have been done long ago. It would have been, only it was held up by Mendès-France. But now he's gone. . . ."

Mendès-France! Here, the name is an incantation, the personification of the enemy. Sooner or later, all conversations lead back to him. A long, violent, racist press campaign, backed by the big *colons*, has convinced the vast majority of the French population that he is responsible for all their troubles. "He'll never set foot here," I was told, "even if—God forbid—he becomes Prime Minister again. If he tries to, he'll need the whole French army to protect him. We'll be waiting for him in the streets, and this time we'll have something heavier than rotten tomatoes. . . ."

There are still, it is true, a few liberals among the French population. But they are now frightened men, and they lack any means to express their views in public. One of their leaders, M. de Maisonseul, head of the Algiers town-planning department, was arrested in the first stage of "Operation Toothcomb"; another, Professor Mandouze, was forced to leave Algeria recently, and he has now been arrested in Paris on a charge of treason. Most of the rest feel powerless to influence events. They still believe in a multi-racial community, but they are painfully aware that with each day the chances of realising it are receding. They know perfectly well that measures such as "Operation Toothcomb" are unjust, dangerous and accomplish nothing. They do not succeed in catching the terrorist leaders. They simply antagonise the Arabs, reduce still further the chances of a peaceful settlement, and aggravate the purely racial character of the revolt.

Bonn

The End of the "Miracle?"

Our Bonn Correspondent writes: Two weeks ago the West German bank rate, which had been climbing steadily since last summer, went up to 5½ per cent., the same as in Britain. At the same time the Central Bank extended the credit squeeze, already imposed last autumn, to exports, which had hitherto been excepted. These are important measures. They mean that the Central Bank has now embarked on a definitely deflationary policy—incidentally very much against the wishes of the government, though with the approval of the two economic ministers Schäffer and Erhard, whose inflation warnings had been disregarded by the Cabinet. They also mean that the main weight of the deflation will fall on investments and exports—which will be welcome news to British exporters hard pressed by German competition.

The West Germans have in the last nine months come up suddenly and hard against those dangers of inflation in a fully employed economy with which Britain has been wrestling for the last ten years. Up to last year these problems did not seem to exist in Germany, which made people talk of the "German miracle." In reality, of course, there was no miracle. There simply was an unlimited post-war demand, an intact industrial basis, a labour reserve of more than 10 million refugees, and no defence burden. Add to this Marshall Aid, and a currency reform which freed state and industry from all internal debt, and you have the ideal conditions for a great rush of industrial expansion. This expansion proceeded unhampered for seven years; it reached its natural limits late last summer. By then, full employment was reached, the labour reserve of refugees fully absorbed, and industrial capacity fully extended (in some branches, like building, already over-extended). At the same time, very big new demands were made on the economy. The trades unions, for the first time wielding the bargaining power that full employment provides, launched all-round wage claims; the government, with the coming elections in mind, planned tax cuts, a big increase in old age pensions (which is indeed overdue), and major relief programmes for agriculture and small businesses; above all, rearmament was impending.

In one respect the West Germans are still better off than we are: they have, for the time being, no balance of payments problem. It is true that their export surplus has fallen from nearly £300 million in 1953 to about £200 million in 1954 and just over £100 million in 1955. But their currency reserves are such that they can afford to do without an export surplus, even to run a deficit for a few years; and this is what they are now, apparently, setting out to do. Still, it is not an expedient which can last for ever; and even while it lasts it is hardly more than a palliative. Rearmament alone, if carried out according to plan, will impose an annual extra demand of £750 million on the economy; the rest of the governmental spending programme will alone cost more than can be saved by reducing exports; and industry is not yet psychologically adjusted to the end of the "miracle" and is still trying by every means to expand as hard as before. The inflation may indeed prove stronger than the dam which the Central Bank is throwing up against it; then the first sacrifice will be rearmament.

Peking

Back to the Fatherland

A Student of the Chinese Press writes: "The overseas Chinese intellectuals who returned to the country, particularly the higher intellectuals," one of the speakers said in a symposium recently held in Peking, "had made many contributions to the different kinds of construction along with the other intellectuals in the fatherland." The subject is one which has had a great deal of publicity in the Chinese press during recent months. In the vast programmes now organised in all parts of the country, everyone with technical, scientific, and engineering training is needed, and many of the overseas Chinese—especially in the U.S.—come into this category. Indeed, a special drive was organised to bring back every student from America, and the difficulty experienced by some of them in leaving the country was one of the few problems cleared up by the Chinese and American Ambassadors during nearly fifty sessions in Geneva.

When these students return, having been tough enough (the Chinese claim) to stand the harshness of American life, and the capitalist climate of other countries, they are treated regally, they are taken on tours of factories, agricultural co-operatives, educational institutions, and industrial projects. "We could not appreciate abroad the full tempo of the rapid development of our country," an ex-student from Michigan University exclaimed. "This reservoir gives an idea of the really great perspective in the constructive work of our motherland," said an ex-student from Paris University.

A great many of the overseas Chinese come from the provinces of Kwangtung and Fukien. The latest drive to bring them back to China is "the registration of households with family members studying in capitalist countries so that these students may be given the necessary assistance to enable them to return to the country to take up work. It is hoped that the households with family members studying in capitalist countries will proceed to the designated places to have the registration completed within the time specified." Then follows a list of towns and the dates on which registration can be made. (*Ta Kung Pao.*)

On the assumption that if overseas Chinese return for a visit, they will passionately desire to return to the fatherland for ever, a campaign has just been launched to encourage them to make a grand tour. Hong Kong and Macao are given special attention. The wives of prominent Chinese industrialists and businessmen from these two outposts were in Peking recently; they were met by women's organisations, federations of industry and commerce and others. A delegation followed of 112 members "from all circles" in Hong Kong and Macao. The Kwangtung Governor—his speech is reported in full in the *Ta Kung Pao*—appealing to visitors from Hong Kong and Macao made this remark: "We Chinese people, including our compatriots residing in Hong Kong and Macao, overseas Chinese and the people of Taiwan, must unite themselves under the banner of patriotism to enlarge our

patriotic united front. Our compatriots residing in Hong Kong and Macao, over 90 per cent. of whom are Kwangtung people, have the right and duty regularly to visit their home towns, see things in their home towns, put forward their views and opinions and help us to correct our defects . . ."

As to what happens to the overseas Chinese who leave Hong Kong and Macao for their fatherland, let the woman deputy magistrate of Meihsien speak (at a conference of Representatives of Returned Chinese Overseas and Overseas Chinese Family Dependents): "In Meihsien 98.6 per cent. of the overseas Chinese landlords and rich peasants have changed their class status ahead of the time set. Sixty-five of the 67 households of Chinese residents in Hong Kong and Macao have also had their landlord status changed ahead of schedule. Those households which have not had their status changed will still be dealt with in accordance with the set policy." Her audience was described as "enthusiastic. Several representatives were unable to suppress their enthusiasm and went up to the platform to sing folk songs."

Westminster

Taxing the Theatre

Like the public they represent, British Members of Parliament are remarkably interested in film stars and sport. During the Committee Stage of the Finance Bill each year these seem to be the only subjects which can fill either the Chamber or the rooms upstairs where lobbyists put their views to Members before the debates begin. Many of us would therefore be sorry if the government decided to abolish the Entertainments Tax and so robbed us of a business excuse for entertaining glamour or even of watching Bessie Braddock and Edith Summerskill sort out each other, and incidentally the subject of boxing, on the floor of the House.

Yet there is some case for the abolition of the tax. To begin with, it is a tax not on profits but on receipts, which means that the film, theatre and sporting industries on which it is imposed pay tax even when they lose money. It is true that successive Chancellors, refusing to abolish the tax, have tried to make it less onerous. In 1946 Hugh Dalton tried to help the living theatre by exempting non-profit distributing companies from tax.

Harold Wilson, Patrick Gordon Walker, Barnet Stross and others now propose to demand outright abolition of this section of the tax as a preliminary to the abolition of the whole. Dalton intended to help the repertory and encourage commercial managements to put on plays which might be too much of a financial risk if the tax had to be paid. There is little doubt that this scheme has been beneficial; but it has in its turn produced some disquieting anomalies.

The decision on whether a particular production of a particular company shall be given tax exemption has been left, subject to only the vaguest of parliamentary generalisations, to the discretion of the Customs and Excise Department. Some of the decisions taken by that department have seemed both arbitrary and indefensible; and attempts to query these decisions in the House have been met by stonewalling from the Treasury.

Here are two examples. I was myself for a time a director of Musikart, a non-profit distributing company. We wished to put on a production at the Stoll Theatre of Ingrid Bergman in *Joan of Arc at the Stake*. Without tax exemption the production was certain to incur a loss, even with full houses. With tax exemption it was a reasonable guess that we should make a small profit, which would be available for future productions. The Customs and Excise refused us tax exemption and the company lost many thousands of pounds. None the less we persisted with a further proposal to bring the Japanese Ballet to the Prince's Theatre. Again, Customs and Excise delayed a decision until the last moment and again refused tax exemption. We were forced out of business.

The reason eventually given was that although the Board included substantial men like Sir Malcolm Sargent, Sir Louis Sterling and Sir Alexander Maxwell, the company was not in fact "providing" these entertainments since the money was being provided by Jack Hylton. There is nothing in Dalton's 1946 Act which bars anyone from financing a non-profit distributing company, provided he does not make a profit from it and provided any surplus goes back into future non-commercial productions. The Customs and Excise had itself permitted other commercial managers to finance such companies. Yet now, quite arbitrarily, the department had refused exemption for two shows which, though worth putting on, were certainly uncommercial; and it wrecked a non-profit-making company.

Rather than place a government department in a position where it has to exercise a discretion for which it is not fitted and where its officials are subject to outside pressures, I would strongly favour the Labour Party move to abolish the tax altogether. But there are serious objections even to that. Under present arrangements whereby theatre rents are fixed as a percentage of the takings, abolition of the tax or even its further reduction could actually harm the people who put the show on and benefit only the theatre landlord who already is doing well. For example, suppose a non-profit distributing company leases a theatre on a fifty-fifty sharing basis with the landlord, and suppose the tax is one-third. Out of £1,200 weekly takings, £400 goes in tax and of the remainder the landlord and management get £400 each. But the management gets a further £400 back in tax rebate. If the tax were now abolished the management would only get £600 instead of £800 out of the £1,200 and the landlord would get £600 instead of £400. Indeed, the reduction of the tax in 1948 actually forced the Young Vic to close. It would be useless to abolish the tax without imposing some form of rent restriction.

As no proposal for this is being made I would prefer to keep the tax and the exemption from it of non-profit-distributing companies, but to take all discretionary power away from the Customs and Excise. This could be done if Parliament decreed that any company, no matter from what source it received its finances and no matter what type of production it put on, should receive tax exemption on that production provided any profits from it were put back into future non-profit-distributing productions. It would be necessary to set limitations on management fees and totals paid out in salaries. But these are small complications compared with the advantage of securing that the benefits of tax exemption go to those who really need them.

J. P. W. Mallalieu

Defeat by Default

President Eisenhower's speech, at Baylor University last Thursday, is the most recent of a series in which he and Mr. Dulles have tried to re-define American foreign policy in response to the changes in the Soviet Union. Like the other speeches, it contained noble phrases and declarations of good intention. Once again the President has suggested that, "as the world breathes more easily," the emphasis of American policy must shift from military to economic aid, that the new nationalisms must be helped to create stable regimes, and that peaceful co-operation demands an unrestricted flow of "goods, people and information." But the reality does not measure up to the words. While Mr. Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles talk as if they realised that new policies are needed, their fundamental policies remain substantially unchanged.

This is not surprising, for both of them believe that the old policies have succeeded. "Any time a policy is winning and the people are completely satisfied with it," the President said on April 21, "you don't change it." Certainly, he conceded, the Communists have "changed their policies very markedly." And the reason, he thinks, is that the West really won the cold war. It stopped the Communists in Korea and Vietnam, and it surmounted the crises in Persia, Egypt, Trieste and Guatemala. This, in Mr. Eisenhower's view, is why the Communists "are going into the economic and political fields and are really wearing smiles around the world." It follows, therefore, that no thorough reappraisal of American policy is required.

The only new problem, the President argued, is how to keep the western nations together when there is no longer "a definite threat to their very existence right in their faces," for when that threat is removed "and you go into the economic field . . . it becomes very difficult for a group of free nations, through spontaneous co-operation, to achieve a unity to oppose the other man." This is true, and it remains true as long as western policy is based upon the assumptions of the cold war carried over into the era of economic competition. For the President does not ask whether the division of the world into military camps can be ended or should be ended. On the contrary, he asks how, under new conditions, that division is to be maintained. And, so far as Europe is concerned, he is driven back to the formula that was popular in the early days of the Marshall Plan—the United States of Europe. It is to further that aim that the President has appointed Senator Walter George as his "special ambassador in working for this new evolution of the Atlantic Community." This objective was already defined by Mr. Dulles, on April 23, when he said that, now fear had lessened, "our tasks are harder—so much so that some people regret the recent developments because they confuse what, until then, had been a rather simple scene," and went on to propose that Nato should be "further developed" to "serve the needs of this and coming generations."

Such remedies for the crisis that now faces western policy are so trifling, so unreal, that it is clear that the President and Mr. Dulles gravely misunderstand what is in fact happening. Nato is an expensive fiasco, increasingly unpopular in Europe, and evidently useless even on the arguments that Mr. Dulles now accepts. When Mr. Dulles talks grandiloquently about "developing" this pathetic child of the cold war into "the totality of its meaning," he shows that, despite the new phrases, he is still the prisoner of his old misconceptions. Indeed, the focus of East-West relations is no longer centred in Europe.

Mr. Dulles has time to make many speeches, but he has very little time to undertake the

"agonising reappraisal" of his own assumptions. While he sententiously discusses the long-term future of the western alliance, the Communist alliance is rapidly concentrating its resources for "peaceful competition." The Nato Council is to "study" its own transformation: last week, the Communist countries met in Berlin to co-ordinate their economic plans. While a foreign affairs committee in Congress proposes to divert U.S. military aid from European countries that are "lagging" in rearmament to reliable allies in Vietnam, Thailand and Formosa, the Soviet Union is converting its factories and manpower to more profitable purposes. While Soviet diplomacy can ride the wave of nationalism and anti-colonialism, the U.S. is identified with Syngman Rhee, Chiang Kai-shek and Mr. Diem, and its allies are engaged in colonial wars in North Africa and Cyprus. While Mr. Stassen's study groups produce learned volumes on disarmament negotiations through the centuries, the Soviet government disbands army units that have become no more than expensive and wasteful anachronisms.

There are moments when it seems that the American leaders perceive the challenge that faces them. They notice the rapid expansion of the Soviet economy, its capacity to concentrate its investment, to direct its manpower, to train technicians faster and in greater numbers than all the western powers. But they shy away from the obvious conclusions. Mr. Allen Dulles, for instance, delivered a speech four weeks ago in which he correctly assessed the "prodigious effort" now being made by the U.S.S.R. As director of the Central Intelligence Agency, he should know better than any layman how far and how fast the Soviet industrial programme is going. But how does he respond? In the same way as President Eisenhower—by almost magical incantations of the virtues of free enterprise. And, he adds as a leavening of hope, the managerial revolution that he believes is taking place in Russia will "gradually transmute Soviet society into a new form which will not tolerate the present type of dictatorship."

On this last point Mr. Allen Dulles may be right. But neither he nor his brother can follow through the logic of this analysis while they believe that the changes in Soviet policy are a western cold war victory. The truth is that the cold war had led both sides into a deadly impasse, in which they had the choice of backing out or going on to the end of mutual destruction. For a variety of reasons, the Soviet leaders have chosen to back out, and their initiative has left the United States at the end of a blind alley, surrounded by a wall of weapons and policies which the new Soviet diplomacy simply disregards and outflanks.

That is why Mr. John Foster Dulles asks plaintively what is to replace fear as the cement of the non-Communist world. He cannot envisage a world that is not neatly divided into pros and antis: most American politicians even find it difficult to concede that India is not a covert associate of Soviet diplomacy. If the American leaders understood that the balance of nuclear deterrents had made full-scale war so destructive as to be improbable, they must see that the West has rapidly to adapt to the new challenge or disintegrate under its disruptive impact—and that it is choosing disintegration by default. The cold war armies have to be disbanded; there has to be freer trade; there has to be a programme of economic expansion which matches the pace now set in the Communist countries; and there has to be a rapid liquidation of colonialism. If that were to happen, peaceful competition would become possible and trade and widening contacts might become powerful catalysts on both sides of the Communist frontiers. So far, it is the Soviet Union that has seen the advantages of peaceful co-existence and begun effectively to exploit them for Communist ends. The West is letting opportunity slip.

The Gift Coupon

Boots and bridge tables, gold watches and gramophones, shirts and sewing machines could all be obtained twenty-five years ago in exchange for coupons enclosed in packets of cigarettes. Homes were furnished and children clad as a by-product of the habit of smoking, and the coupon became a sort of second currency, obtainable at specially established "banks" at quoted rates of exchange. It is perhaps not surprising that such a situation, which appeared to strike at the roots of the money economy, should have called forth the kind of moral opprobrium that is evoked by gambling or sometimes by hire purchase; nor that small shopkeepers, other than tobacconists, should have been provoked to a Poujadist rage against what looked like a growing threat to their own trade.

The inclusion of coupons in packets of such commodities as tea, chocolate and soap, had been practised at least since the beginning of the century; and when the National Chamber of Trade launched its campaign against coupon trading in 1930, its president said that he could discover only two trades unaffected by the system—licensed victuallers and undertakers. This campaign led in 1932 to the introduction by Colonel (now Lord) Brabazon of a private member's bill to make gift coupons illegal. The bill was not supported by the government and was defeated, but a committee was set up to go into the matter and reported in July of the following year.

The common view at the time, sponsored by the shopkeepers, was that coupon trading was a spivvy occupation indulged in only by purveyors of inferior commodities and providing, in exchange for the coupons, shoddy and frivolous articles. The climate of the argument was like that of the more recent campaign against the abolition of resale price maintenance, a subject with which it is closely related. Every sort of appeal was made to popular sentiment; the practice being described as anti-social and un-British, with the usual undertones of anti-Semitism frequently in evidence. In fact about 150 firms operated gift schemes, and these included such respectable names as Lever Bros., Cadbury's and Brooke Bond's, in addition to the independent cigarette manufacturers. Nearly two hundred firms supplied the gifts and many of them were household names for fine quality, such as Copeland's, the manufacturers of Spode china, who said that the scheme had stimulated a demand for good china which the retail trade had said did not exist, and the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths' Company, who found that the supply of high-quality gifts had stimulated sales of the best electro-plate and cutlery.

To understand the violence of the attack and the social effects of gift coupons it is necessary to recollect the prevailing economic and social conditions. It was a time of mass unemployment and the Keynesian revolution in economic method had not yet been recognised in official thinking; the effect of gift coupons was to some extent to provide the increase in purchasing power which Keynesian theory would prescribe. Many of the goods supplied were commonplace articles of clothing such as boots, shirts and caps, or mass-produced articles such as radios and cameras. It may have been true that the value of the coupons came out of the value of the products they accompanied; but the consumer gained from the manufacturing economies made possible by the wholesale ordering of a range of standardised products and by the elimination of retailers' margins, advertising and a multiplicity of small accounts with extensive credit. In a way these schemes exploited the advantages of such established marketing methods as the mail order system and the chain stores; and they anticipated the ideas behind the war-time utility schemes, as well as the proposals put forward by some Socialists for government wholesaling—all these being intended to reap the advantages of large-scale production. The large volume of business enabled manufacturers to change production methods, improve quality and reduce cost. One camera firm, for instance, claimed that it had been enabled to reduce the ordinary retail price of a box camera from 7s. 6d. to 5s., and added that the volume of its sales made in the shops had increased.

When the parliamentary committee reported it came down flatly against legislative interference. It pointed out that the figure of £5,000,000, given as the total cost of gifts issued in 1932, was only a fraction of one per cent. of total retail sales, and that this was a minor element compared with other competitors of the normal trader such as mail-order businesses, chain stores and street markets. It supported the operators' arguments that the coupons provided an easy method of giving the customer the advantage of small price fluctuations and said it believed that the public got a more direct return from gift coupons than from many other forms of advertising.

Why, then, did these schemes almost all disappear during the next couple of years? The answer is to be found in the attitude of the Imperial Tobacco Company, which had never liked the schemes, and which succeeded in 1933 in getting all the tobacco manufacturers to agree to cease the issue of coupons by the end of the year. This was, in fact, an extension of the price maintenance agreements which had followed the formation of the Tobacco Trade Association in 1931, and from that time gift schemes were added to price cutting as grounds for inclusion in the Association's stop list.

The recent attempt of the Luton firm of George Jackson and Co. to re-introduce coupons has led to the stop listing of some retailers who stocked their brands. The passing of the Restrictive Trade Practices Bill will prevent the T.T.A. from using its own representatives to impose a collective ban on coupon trading, but the right given to individual manufacturers to enforce conditions of retail sale will give to the Imperial, which at present supplies 80 to 90 per cent. of all the cigarettes sold, the effective power to prevent its introduction by its competitors. A coupon may be considered as equivalent to a Co-op. dividend or a customer's rebate on goods bought. Attempts in the House of Commons to get such dividends or rebates exempted from the provision for legal enforcement of resale conditions were resisted by the President of the Board of Trade and it looks, therefore, as if the power to prevent the inclusion of coupons with cigarettes will, if the Imperial wishes to use it, remain as strong as ever.

Austen Albu

London Diary

I've always respected I. F. Stone as one of the most honest, courageous and often attacked of American liberals. I respect him all the more for his remarkable report on his recent visit to Moscow, which has just appeared in his weekly newsletter. "I hate," he says, "the morass into which one wanders when one begins to withhold the truth because the consequences might be bad," and he has therefore said what he thinks, not what he believes "may wisely be told the reader." His first conclusion is that the attack on Stalin "has the same crass, crude air as Stalin's attacks on his own victims." He believes that the cult of personality has simply been turned upside down. In spite of the change in external policy, Stone insists that the Soviet leaders still do not give either the party or the people the facts—about Beria, for instance, or the dissolution of the Cominform, or even about the changes in the criminal code and security procedure. The Soviet press is full of "turgidity . . . obscurity and repellent gibberish written by uninspired hacks scared to add a thought of their own." Stone maintains that the top Communists are "very competent managers of a great industrial empire . . . they get down to brass tacks in studying steel output. . . . But they do not show the same spirit at all in grappling with the evils they have themselves exposed." He makes the same point as Nenni, who has argued that a fundamental change would involve scrapping the Leninist-Stalinist theory of the monolithic and infallible party. Both of them agree that the crucial test is whether the sycophants and yes-men are swept away by real democracy, first inside the party, and then in the relations between the party and the people. How far will the ferment in Russia be allowed to go? As long as the Communist Party is always "correct," serious criticism will be regarded as treason, and excesses and mistakes will be blamed on "foreign agents." That is why Stone says that "Stalinism is far from liquidated."

* * *

Why did the Church of England Moral Welfare Council mar its otherwise most sensible report on sexual offences by suggesting that the "age of consent" in homosexual cases should be 17? This seems to me almost as much too young, as the Magistrates' Association's suggestion of 30 is too old. Surely the argument is very simple. While the protection of the young is undoubtedly the state's duty, what happens between consenting adults is their own affair. We are concerned not with the small minority of apparently born homosexuals, but rather with the homosexual tendencies of young men and women in their unstable adolescence. If wrongly encouraged they may never grow up into fully adult citizens. Therefore, for the purpose of an Act of Parliament, the age when a boy may be considered to have become adult is all important. My own vote would be for 21.

* * *

Having said so much, I add that it is a real sign of the growth of common sense that a body like the Moral Welfare Council, whose chairman is a bishop, should submit such honest evidence to the Departmental Committee on Homosexual Offences and Prostitution. Its comments and recommendations about prostitution are also enlightened; they are a welcome change from the ignorant attitude of some daily papers which suggest that somehow our morals would be better if only prostitutes plied their trade where our eyes were not offended by seeing them. Dr. Sherwin Bailey, who compiled and edited the report, comes out with the simple statement (everybody except churchmen has admitted this for many years) that you don't get rid of prostitution by driving women off the streets. He makes a very proper stand for the equality of the sexes; I should hope that no one would now dispute the proposition that a woman ought not to be charged with soliciting unless the man who is supposed to have been annoyed by her is prepared to give evidence. The present system is thoroughly corrupt. The girls are entirely in the hands of the police, who in some districts take them before the magistrates to be fined in rotation. I believe the story of the girl who, when a policeman arrested her, received permission first "to go and earn the fine."

* * *

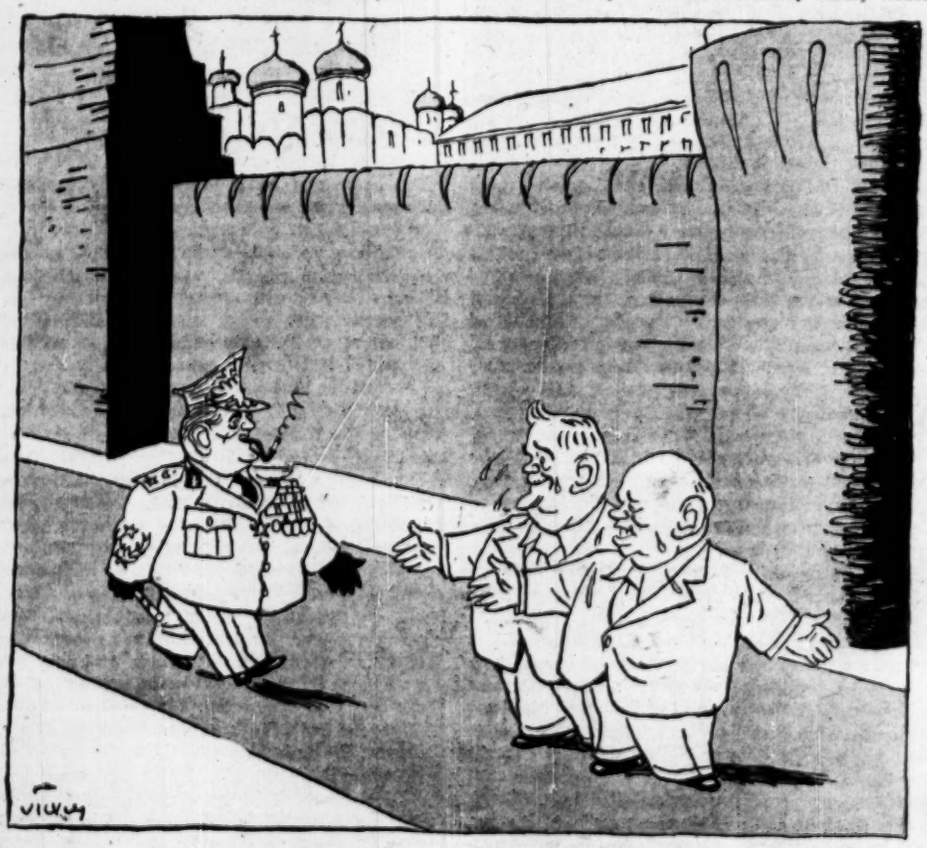
The London celebration of the 2,500th anniversary of the attainment of Nirvana by Lord Buddha began this week in the headquarters of the Ceylon High Commissioner, which overlooks a garden of lilac and laburnum and the white and red may in Hyde Park. The audience, who were mainly from the Buddhist countries of Asia, enjoyed that combination of casualness and devotion which distinguishes the followers of Buddha from those who worship their God with grim faces and on hard pews. The Buddhist monks, as usual, sat immobile in their familiar saffron robes with their fans across their breasts. The platform contained official representatives from Buddhist countries (Burma, Ceylon, Thailand and Japan), and also from Pakistan, India and China, which contain Buddhist communities. There were as many differences in outlook amongst them as there would be on a Christian platform representing all sects from Greek Orthodoxy to Plymouth Brethren. In commemorating Buddha, a clear, almost rationalist, formulation came from the Burmese spokesman; no other country has so successfully fashioned a Buddhist society. From India, where Buddha was born, the appropriate words were devotional, pacifist, and, though the Mahatma was not a Buddhist, Gandhi-ist. The chief British contribution was made in a harsh, business-like speech, bringing with it a succession of dates, statistics, and the orderly atmosphere of the Law Courts. Peking's spokesman told us of the contribution made by Chinese Buddhists in the past, the tie which Buddhism creates between China and other Asian countries. He brought us down to the good Communist Chinese earth where Buddhists are all agog for the abolition of nuclear warfare and higher living standards.

* * *

I came away angry and miserable from the Moscow State Circus. I have always hated the exploitation of performing animals, and watching these little bears, often pushed and dragged into the ring, with their mouths tied, walking on their hind legs, in ridiculous flounces and furbelows, obviously hating every minute of it, I felt disgusted. I found myself quoting the fine, fierce verses of Ralph Hodson's about "tame and shabby tigers, dancing dogs and bears." For the rest, the clowning was really funny, and I got the authentic thrill out of the trapeze artists hanging out of a "supersonic" aeroplane. There were plenty of good acrobatic and balancing acts. Maybe I should not have been so disappointed if I had not remembered Obrazov's wonderful and inspired puppets and so hoped for something more original and imaginative.

* * *

I've never been a self-cooker in the sun, turning like a chicken on a spit, roasting first back and then front, with intervals allowed for basting. As a way of doing absolutely nothing, however, such cooking has its points and I tried it on a week's holiday while Gerald Barry kindly wrote



THE RETURN TO THE PRODIGALS

his American Diary. The sea was not as warm as one expects it to be at Monte Carlo in May. Everything was late; it was odd to see the Mediterranean pines lying on the ground where they had been uprooted by the snow. It is surprising what a lot you do if you make up your mind to have a real holiday—which for a journalist means not to read the paper, not to listen to the wireless nor indulge in conversation about public affairs. I came to the conclusion that Grace Kelly (whom I ought now to call Princess Grace) need not be bored. If, like me, she is soon tired of losing money at the Casino and soon gets satisfied with her tan, she can always go and look at the octopuses in the aquarium. (I think the plural should be "octopodes," but the dictionary prefers "octopuses" or even octopi"!) This is a wonderful place within a stone's throw of the Palace, better than the Zoo or the Brighton aquarium. She can watch Stirling Moss win the Grand Prix (it's really shocking how these motorists cut in at the corners). She can pay visits to all sorts of interesting people, including Somerset Maugham, who seemed to me in full health and vigour in spite of his recent illness, or go to Vence and call on Gordon Craig, who, at eighty-four, is also full of zest. He might tell her, as he did me, that acting was her proper profession.

* * *

Talking of octopuses reminds me of a magnificent walk around the path that follows the coastline of Cap Martin. It is a longish walk, and by the time we came out on the main road near Menton we were hungry. We passed many of those restaurants where you eat at a table by the seashore, and bikinis are sufficiently formal wear. The smell of freshly caught fish, held between bits of wire and cooked on wood-ash, induced us to stop at a restaurant flying a ragged black flag and calling itself by the unattractively tourist name of Les Pirates. But the fish, washed down with Corsican wine, was superb. Afterwards I climbed over some rocks, slipping for a moment on the way, to the point where a boy with a spear was attempting to coax a reluctant octopus out of a small hole. I looked down and noticed that the rock on which I stood was red. I was about to call attention to this remarkable geological freak, when I noticed that my shoes and trousers were also red. In short, the rock on which I had slipped was sharp as a knife. Only the boy with the spear had reason to be gratified. If the stories I hear about octopuses are correct, I had provided him with most admirable bait.

CRITIC

This England

Prizes: £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

Fashion compères at Lime Grove TV studios have been warned never again to describe a dress as "divine." A BBC directive says that the word must be used only to refer to the Almighty.—*Woman's Sunday Mirror.* (A. Berry.)

The story would seem morbid were it not for the inclusion of a murderous Cockney hunchback sailor who, true to type, introduces a note of levity even in scenes of crackling tension.—Review in *Stage.* (C. J. Bayliss.)

The Rev. Henry Hutchings, the curate, read that some bells on railway engines were being replaced and the old ones given to churches.

He wrote and asked whether he could have one for his church. The next thing he knew was the arrival of the bell at Tarporley.

One woman parishioner objects. She says: "The bell is second-hand and I feel it wrong to have it installed because it is not offering to God the first fruits."—*Daily Telegraph.* (M. E. Brean.)

Parted

"A-MEN FACE WEDDING TEST."—*Daily Express* headline.

Babe, the *affaire* is over,
Gone are our days of bliss—
Why did you say at Dover
Something they heard amiss?
Why did you say "the Party,"
Meaning a harmless crawl?
You, who are far too hearty,
Why did you speak at all?
Why did you speak at all?

Though we were fellow-travellers
Why did you use that word?
Didn't you know Unravellers
Listened and *more than heard*?
Back to the old Reactors
Now I must go alone;
You must face *your* detractors
I must endure my own. . . .
I must endure my own.

Dumbest of dear, sweet women,
Better you'd gone to shops
Looking for something to swim in—
Why ask the Harwell cops?
Had but the word "Bikini"
Never aroused alarm
Everything wouldn't be *fini*
Down at the Atom Farm . . .
Down at the Atom Farm.

REGINALD REYNOLDS

The Man in the Coonskin Cap

THERE is more than a coonskin cap to the resemblance between Estes Kefauver and Davy Crockett. For the tall Senator from Tennessee, like the folk-hero of the wild frontier, has become a symbol for good and often unpopular causes. Times have changed in Tennessee since one of Kefauver's ancestors whipped the original Davy Crockett in a local election, but Kefauver has a lot of the pioneer spirit in him. He is dogged and courageous; he never knows when he is beaten; he says what he thinks, and doesn't mind if it makes him enemies. Disliked by most professional politicians, but undoubtedly liked by the rank-and-file Democratic voter, he has slowly worked his way through the backwoods of politics: starting from the small law practice which is the modern equivalent of the log cabin, he can now see the sun shining on the White House. It is a measure of his self-confidence that ever since his schooldays he has believed that one day he will be President of the United States.

This ambition has always sustained him, though it is the trait on which his critics most commonly seize. Kefauver himself makes no secret of it. "It is," he says, "a natural desire. I think I would like the job. I realise that it would be very, very hard, but I have done hard things before." But it is fashionable for presidential aspirants to dissemble. Adlai Stevenson, for instance, has said that the presidency is "something that should be beyond ordinary ambition." Kefauver's colleagues in Congress feel that he is not playing the game when he says openly that he wants to be President and sets out, against the odds and almost single-handed, to achieve his goal.

Yet because he is running against the odds and has had very little organised support, his successes have been the more remarkable, and they are a tribute to his unorthodox campaign methods. He is not a good speaker—though his sincerity, his capacity somehow to communicate with his listeners, will hold them through a plodding and mumbled speech. He has little money to spend on posters or radio time, and there have been moments in his far-flung primary campaigns in 1952 and 1956 when he has found even travelling expenses hard to come by. Yet he gets publicity, indeed he has to get publicity in ways that a well-heeled politician can afford to ignore and that the sophisticated dismiss as mere headline-hunting. The result has been shown in one primary election after another. In 1952, he won 15 of the 18 primaries held that year. The ordinary voter finds Kefauver "folksy," just as he finds Stevenson a stuffed shirt—a contrast which helped Kefauver win his sensational victory among the farmers of Minnesota, despite the work that the local Democrat machine did for Stevenson. While the academic liberals admire Stevenson's wit, and his statesmanlike addresses, many voters seem to prefer a man who tirelessly walks the streets—"like some huge mechanical toy," in Stewart Alsop's phrase—holding out his hand and saying "I'm Estes Kefauver. I hope you will support me for President."

The hand-shake has served Kefauver well. So, too, has his Sunday smile, which he can turn on seven days a week. In 1947, he refused to listen to his pessimistic friends, and took the stump for the Senate seat that was vacant in Tennessee. He had to fight, in Boss Crump of Memphis, one of the strongest and more disreputable machine politicians—a man who boasted that he never stole one vote more than was strictly necessary. Building a voluntary organisation from union groups, women workers, Negroes and liberal Democrats, Kefauver challenged the machine and won. He afterwards said that, between January and June of 1948, he shook hands with 25,000 voters. It was in this election that he took to wearing the coonskin cap, as a gesture of defiance against Crump, who had published full-page newspaper advertisements calling him "a pet coon." It was a typical Kefauver gesture, and typically successful. He said afterwards that his "audiences grew with the fame of the coonskin cap. It merely dramatised a grim, determined campaign on the part of thousands of people to free themselves, once and for all, from one-man rule."

There was little in Kefauver's early career to suggest that he would become such a remorseless campaigner. He was born in 1903. By 1937, just after he had married Nancy Piggott, the daughter of the managing-director of John Brown's shipyard on the Clyde, the Tennessee Junior Chamber of Commerce had recognised his professional capacities and his modest public service by naming him the state's "outstanding young citizen." (A similar recognition came in 1950, when the Senator, with three daughters and an adopted son, a Siamese cat, a tame and deodorised skunk, and an assortment of stray dogs, was named America's "Father of the Year.") In 1939, Kefauver won a vacant seat in Congress. He went on to serve four terms in the House of Representatives, spending most of his time on committees dealing with the judiciary and small business, and as chairman of a special committee investigating monopolies.

As soon as Kefauver appeared in Washington, however, he began to make his mark. He has always had too many ideas, rather than too few. And no sooner did he take his seat as a freshman than he began demanding reforms in the procedure of Congress, among them—as he later suggested in a book called *20th Century Congress*—was the introduction of a question-time modelled on the House of Commons. Such brash behaviour did not endear him to his colleagues, and he has never lived down this first

impression. A fellow-Senator recently said that very few people dislike Kefauver, "but he's so damned single-minded. He expects you to be interested in the things that interest him. Try to get him stirred up about something that interests you, he can barely hear you." He doesn't make a good team man. When Stevenson made an attack on him for neglecting his duties in the Senate, and spending time out campaigning in the country, he touched a sore point: even those who share some of Kefauver's opinions say that he doesn't face the heat and dust of the daily battle in Congress unless an issue is likely to hit the headlines.

The criticisms may be just. They certainly explain why Kefauver finds it hard to get sympathy, let alone support from the party professionals. Yet, despite his egocentricity, despite the amateur flavour he gives to all his crusades, Kefauver has a good record. It satisfies every test made by the trade unions and by liberal groups. He voted consistently for Roosevelt's policies and for Truman's Fair Deal. He was for Lend-Lease, for Unrra, and for the bill by which the U.S. joined the United Nations. Always a strong internationalist, he continually comes up with schemes for Atlantic Union. He opposed the resolution which made the Un-American Activities Committee permanent. He was against the Taft-Hartley labour law, against the Truman loyalty-oath bill and against the poll-tax. In the Senate, he voted against the McCarran Act, the Internal Security Act of 1950, and stood alone against the proposal by another liberal, Senator Humphreys, to outlaw the Communist Party. And, at the time of the Formosa crisis, with Senators Morse and Lehman he waged a last-ditch fight to stop the Senate giving full emergency powers to the President. Peace, he said, "is too important to be left to the judgment of military men who might be trigger-happy."

Whatever the issue, Kefauver is ready to take a stand. Witch-hunting? "I have been aghast," he wrote to Lyndon Johnson, the Democratic Leader in the Senate, "at the excesses to which the various committees of Congress have gone in the fields of so-called subversive investigation." The demand that the federal government turn over coastal oil resources to the several states? At the critical moment on the second ballot at Chicago in 1952, when Kefauver was still leading, an offer came to him from Governor Shivers of Texas. If he would give a vague declaration of support to the states which wanted to get control of this oil, Shivers would swing the Texas and Mississippi delegations to him. Tired out, knowing that this was the decision which would cost him his chance of the nomination, Kefauver said instantly: "Tell him I just can't go along with that." There was a similar quick decision of principle when he was campaigning in the 1952 primary in New Hampshire, and he needed every vote. From a predominantly Catholic audience —and the French-Canadian vote is substantial in the state—came the question: "Would you send an ambassador to the Vatican?" Kefauver did not straddle. "No," he said. "It would stir up trouble in the country if I did."

His record on race relations is equally good. He is the only politician from a border state who has managed to take an unhesitant position on Negro rights and yet increase his popular majorities, in the face of Red-baiting and racist smear campaigns against him. "I am," he said recently in Florida, "a twentieth-century Southerner. The Supreme Court ruling on desegregation is the final word." And since he comes from the state which gave its name to a huge and co-ordinated system of hydro-electric power and flood control, he is a strong crusader for public-ownership in the power industry and for public works as the key to economic stability.

Reading through this record, it is hard to understand why Kefauver is distrusted by many liberals, why they should prefer Stevenson, who is much more conservative and given to compromise. The answer is almost solely one of personality; Kefauver not only looks like an outsider, but seems to enjoy being one. A friend said of him: "I think Estes is the most successful underdog of the century." The intellectuals, moreover, feel that there is something undignified about a man who takes all this electioneering as a pleasure and a privilege rather than as an unpleasant duty. There was something odd, too, about the way he rose to be a national figure. Television, to the egg-head, is still slightly disreputable, and Kefauver was the first television-tailored politician. In the early months of 1951, Kefauver's crime investigation committee was holding its sensational hearings. In one city after another he dragged the underworld in front of the camera, chasing the crime syndicate and its political allies—most of whom, unfortunately, were Democrats. The machine bosses disliked it: some of his colleagues disliked it intensely, and blamed Kefauver for such set-backs as the defeat of Senator Lucas in Illinois; and Harry Truman disliked the way it all reflected on him. This, incidentally, explains why the former President is no Kefauver fan.

So, even in his route to fame, Kefauver has been unorthodox. There is some truth in his campaign slogan: "The Man Nobody Wants But The People." As his stock has risen among rank-and-file Democrats, it has also risen in the country as a whole. After his victory in Minnesota, his opinion-poll rating doubled, and he went ahead of Stevenson for the first time. Now, after the near dead-heat in Florida, he faces Stevenson next Tuesday in the decisive Californian primary. If he wins, it will be harder for the party managers to deny him the nomination again. And if, in the end, he should get it, Eisenhower would find the election a much tougher clash of principles.

The Ruins of Africa

WHEN the first giraffe in Chinese history was led by a halter into the Imperial Zoological Garden of Peking in 1414, the Ming Emperor in whose honour it had come all the way from East Africa, by way of Bengal, seems to have drawn no conclusions about its land of origin. They had announced it as a K'i'lin, a unicorn; but for him, apparently, it was just another barbarian eccentricity. Another lot of barbarians, after all, had lately sent him a vegetarian tiger. "Let the Ministers," he said rather hopelessly, "but early and late exert themselves in assisting the government for the welfare of the world. If the world is at peace, even without K'i'lins there is nothing that hinders good government. Let congratulations be omitted."

And the next year, when a second giraffe arrived from the East African kingdom of Melinda, the same Emperor improved another shining hour with the remark that: "From now on it behoves Us even more than in the past to cling to virtue, and it behoves you to remonstrate with Us about our shortcomings." The principles of self-criticism, it would appear, are not so new in China as some would believe.

Yet these giraffes, despite their failure to enthuse the Emperor, do seem to have had their importance. They provoked Chinese curiosity. Two years later an imperial fleet was sent to visit Africa, and set Chinese sailors ashore for the first time at Aden and down the African coast as far as Melinda, not far from present-day Mombasa. Four years later another Ming fleet made a second visit; but after that the contact was left once more to the Arabs.

The approach to pre-European African history from China and India is likely to be especially fruitful. It seems to be true that the Chinese had knowledge of Africa and African products, although indirectly, as soon as the sailing use of the monsoon grew frequent at the beginning of the Christian era. From then onwards, too, there must have been many links betweeen India and the East African seaboard (and indirectly with African civilisations growing up behind that seaboard); and these Indian links may prove, as our knowledge of this period and place grows wider, to have had very great importance. Later on the Arabs joined all three continents in trade together: by the 8th century there were Arab trading settlements in southern China, and by the 10th century there were similar settlements on the East African coast as far south as Sofala, in present-day Mozambique. Much later, again, a Portuguese venturer in southern Africa would record how these Arabs "came in little vessels which they call zambucos, from the kingdoms of Kilwa, Mombasa, and Melinda, bringing much coloured cloth, some white and blue, some of silk, and many grey and purple and yellow beads, which come to the said kingdoms in other larger ships from the great kingdom of Cambaya." These African-Indian-Chinese exchanges were many and various, and over a long period.

Other intruders from the sea had preceded the Arabs. Greek and Roman galleys had come this way. Sir Mortimer Wheeler—turning now, after his great work in the Indus valley, to this much-neglected African field—said lately that the deserted city of Kua on Mafia Island, off the Tanganyika coast, "might have been East Africa's 'Pompeii.'" He went on to say that the east coast of Africa had been a great meeting-place of nations: "he had seen more broken Chinese porcelain in a fortnight than ever before in his life, for in the Middle Ages the history of what was now Tanganyika had been written in Chinese porcelain."

These Chinese finds along the East African coast, and far into the interior, have yet to be fully explained, plotted on a map, and fixed in their true perspective. Yet the known facts, even now, are surprising enough. Chinese coins found at Mogadiscio, Kilwa, and on Mafia Island include examples from the Tang and Sung Dynasties and range in date from 713 to 1163. What sort of peoples and societies, other than the coastal Arab sultanates, wanted Chinese porcelain? What manner of trade was this?

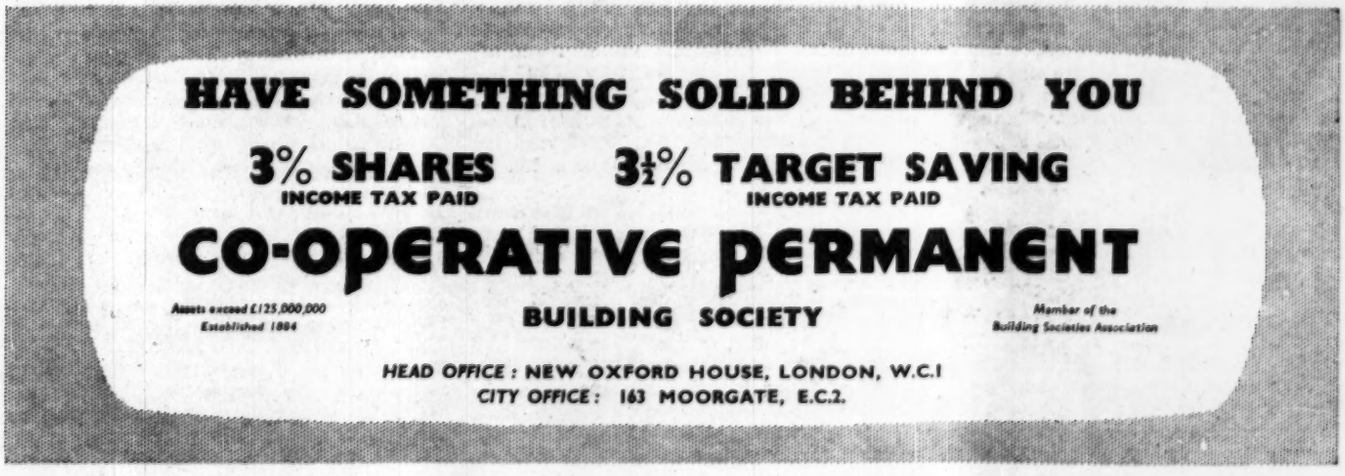
It is one sign of the times that Sir Mortimer Wheeler should give the great weight of his support to African archæological research. The Colonial Office has just provided another. Writing of Dr. Diké's ambitious and exciting intention, with much money and many colleagues, to trace the history of the southern Nigerian kingdom of Benin, the information department of the Colonial Office remarked the other day, with an admirable objectivity, that "whereas the impact of Europeans on African history is being intensively studied, the society on which that impact was made remains unexplored." There is a new wind blowing when a British government (through the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts) can put up some £20,000 towards helping Africans to study their own history.

This new wind seems likely to sweep away a great many long-received opinions about the nature of Africa's past. Quite apart from writing the history of Benin, Dr. Diké and his colleagues can scarcely fail to pioneer a useful pattern for similar research elsewhere. For they are going to do the thing thoroughly. Benin had diplomatic relations with Portugal as far back as the second half of the 15th century: part of what Dr. Diké now proposes is that scholars under his direction shall comb archives and museums in the United Kingdom, Portugal, Holland, and the Vatican. With this project, at long last, one can say that the study of African history has really begun.

For other workers in the same field, Benin will have many rivals. On the other side of Africa, and far to the south, another ancient African kingdom, or group of kingdoms—linked, as well, to these surprising Chinese manifestations down the east coast—cries out for full investigation. When Vasco da Gama put into Sofala on the present Mozambique coast in 1500 he heard of the existence, far inland, of a monarch whose name was Monomotapa and whose wealth was gold. The Portuguese hurried up to look for it, over the years that followed; and events fell into a familar track. In 1607 that king's successor, at Great Zimbabwe, "made a formal grant of all the gold, copper, and other metal mines of his kingdom to the King of Portugal. In confirmation of this, he put his mark to a document drawn up by the command of Diogo Simões Madeira, the Portuguese leader..." A little less than 300 years later another king, Lobengula of the Matabele, would put his mark to a similar document, and in respect of the same mines, only the beneficiary was Cecil Rhodes.

When the stone ruins of Great Zimbabwe were "discovered" in 1868 by a wandering Boer hunter they attracted a rush of pioneers who hoped to discover gold—or at least "gold objects"—as well. A great deal of looting did occur: nobody will ever know how much. Stone ruins, though none so imposing in their massive masonry and walls as those of Great Zimbabwe, were found to be plentiful in the lands north of the Limpopo. Many romantic stories were invented to account for them: generally, they were ascribed to an unknown but talented "white people from the north," for how were Rhodesian settlers to suppose that *natives* could have raised such monumental splendour?

MacIver attacked the theory of "white origins" in 1905: Miss Caton-Thompson destroyed it altogether in 1929. All worthwhile authorities now agree that these stone ruins were the work of Africans, of *natives*—and of Bantu-speaking natives at that. Fresh knowledge continually adds to the picture. Twenty-five years ago, Beck gave a reliable dating of about the 9th century for Indian beads found at Great Zimbabwe. Some of the beads, he thought, were a good deal older, but



"anything earlier than A.D. 200 seems extremely improbable." This early dating may stretch the belief of those who like to think that all was savage chaos in the Transvaal and across the Limpopo before about 1835; yet a number of radio-activity tests over the past few years have since added the probability that timber from the central buildings at Great Zimbabwe is as old as the beginning of the 8th century. The general weight of evidence now agrees that the Bantu-speaking ancestors of those who founded and governed the kingdoms of the Monomotapa, in medieval times, did in fact enter this region before A.D. 500, and perhaps a long time before.

It will be many years before we have a rounded picture of all this. But now, at any rate, the outlines are being drawn by qualified and careful hands. Myth is giving way to fact. And surely there is something very good in all this. For every key fact so far known confirms that these African peoples, though so often lost to the rest of humanity in that "land shadowing with wings which is beyond the rivers of Ethiopia," were none the less treading much the same paths, and moving towards much the same ends, as other peoples everywhere else. Mankind, it seems, is after all indivisible.

BASIL DAVIDSON

State of the Battlefield

"If it is to be a battle of ideas, fairly waged, then we have nothing to fear and fear nothing."
(Mr. Selwyn Lloyd)

* * *

PARLIAMENT: Perhaps by comparing the result of the debate on commercial television with that on capital punishment, we may best weigh the advantages of a system of party loyalties against the old-fashioned anarchy of the free "conscience" vote.

THE JUDICIARY: The constructive interest of our judiciary in recent penological studies is well displayed by their contributions to the discussions on hanging, while the considered statements of our judges in their courts generally enshrine all that is most enduring in our sexual morality.

FOREIGN POLICY: Confronted with the eternal polarity between expediency and moral good, we seek to pursue a middle way, without ever resorting to extremes in either direction.

COLONIAL POLICY: Self-government at the right time, in the right places, and by the right people, remains the unalterable basis of our colonial policy.

ANGLO-AMERICAN RELATIONS: We may, as Mr. Dulles recently suggested, take the continuing differences in policy between ourselves and the United States as a sign of "western vitality."

ALTRUISM: While the Russians ceaselessly probe for opportunities to exploit political and economic weakness, we freely offer aid to all those in under-developed countries who seek, as we do, the furtherance of western loyalties and western ideals.

DEFENCE: We dare not abate one tittle of our preparations so long as Russia demobilises men from her army only to reintegrate them in civilian life.

TRADE UNIONS: A heavy debt indeed is owed to our trade unions for their robust refusal ever to permit an uncontrolled scramble for the rewards of harder work and higher productivity.

TRANSPORT: *Festina lente* is our motto here. When confronting such problems as road-making, car-parking, etc., to embark precipitantly on the wrong plan may well be worse than doing nothing at all.

INCOMES: A continuous levelling-up is now the established pattern of our wage-structure. In the case of salaried workers, however, we should think it improper to debase the concept of vocation with the bait of purely monetary rewards.

ECONOMIC THEORY: The word *Slump* is no longer in our vocabulary.

SOCIAL THEORY: The word *Class* is no longer in our vocabulary.

EDUCATION: A well-devised system of discriminatory examinations ensures that every child gets his foot on that rung of the ladder thought to be best suited to his talents and capabilities; in order, however, to maintain the social equality to which we are pledged, the ladder must be envisaged as horizontal.

FAMILY LIFE: No more need for the family to go out to the cinema, for the pictures have come to the home! Around the television-set, in place of the old hearth or dining-table, family life may be said to have re-established itself.

LITERATURE: Yielding to none in our belief in the influence of art on life, we think it necessary to insist that only works of real merit must responsibly conform to the moral needs of our young people. Second-rate stuff can be left to take care of itself.

ARCHITECTURE: To bring old and new into harmonious concord, we seek to marry the most up-to-the-minute building regulations with all that is most traditional in architectural planning and style.

THE PRESS: Lively in presentation, in comment unconfined, our popular newspapers are well within the mental grasp of all.

RELIGION: The state of religion in Britain today is well attested by the quality of the religious talks in the Home Service of the BBC.

THE ROYAL FAMILY: Our royal family is a fitting epitome of the nation's ideals.

MARGHANITA LASKI

Fleet Street Notebook

THIS is one of those weeks when what some newspapers leave out is even more interesting than what they put in. Consider for instance the curious case of the treatment accorded to the latest volume of *Documents on German Foreign Policy* published by the Stationery Office. One of the most remarkable disclosures in these documents is the extent to which throughout the critical months of 1939 up to the outbreak of war highly secret and top-level Foreign Office material found its way to the German government—in some instances through a "source" apparently able to provide the German Ambassador, Von Dirksen, with rapid and detailed information of decisions. These disclosures are at least as disturbing as some of those that came out during the Burgess and Maclean affair—and at least as worthy of newspaper comment.

In the *Daily Herald*—which I am glad to say now seems to be getting a good deal more vigorous and alive than it was a little while back—W. N. Ewer opened a front page story on the German documents with this remarkable disclosure. Did a paid spy pass on this secret information, he asked, or was it someone in high authority with Nazi sympathies? These are questions on which it would be very interesting indeed to get an answer from the Foreign Office. It can hardly shrug off the evidence of the captured German documents as not worth inquiring into. The *Mail* and the *Express* also dealt with this highly significant evidence of Foreign Office vulnerability. So did the *Telegraph*—although none of them handled it so fully as Ewer in the *Herald*. But in a long two-column story in *The Times* I can find no reference to it at all.

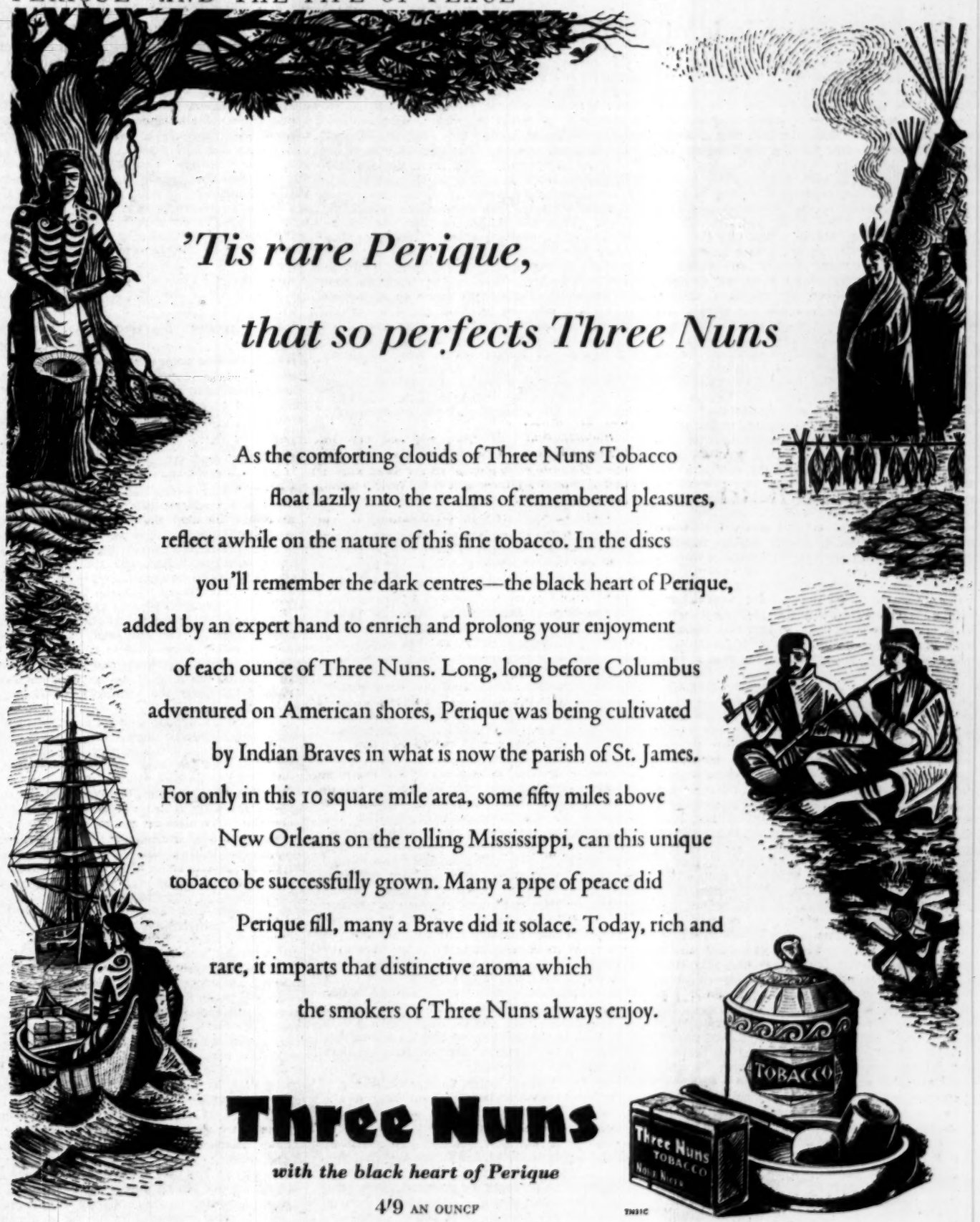
This seems to me a remarkable omission in a journal which surely, whatever else it does, ought to give a full and objective report of an important publication of this kind. *The Times*' story had some other interesting omissions. Its account of a report of a dinner party at Cliveden which was despatched to Hitler by a young diplomat, Adam Trott zu Solz, omits his references to the still "markedly Germanophile" attitude of his host Lord Astor even at this stage. Nor does it mention his report that he was subsequently able to have a private meeting with Neville Chamberlain because "the Astors have access to him at any time." Nor, incidentally, does *The Times* account contain any reference to Trott's significant interview with its then editor, Geoffrey Dawson. No doubt some of these omissions can be explained by shortage of space in an eighteen-page paper. The deliberate passing over of any reference to the continuous disclosure of secret Foreign Office information to the Germans, seems more difficult to understand.

This is not however the only instance of odd omissions during the last few days. Consider also the strange case of the *Daily Telegraph* and the report of the Church of England Moral Welfare Council on "Sexual Offenders and Social Punishment." This report, with its emphasis on the need for a liberalising of the law relating to homosexual offenders and for changes in the law affecting prostitution, is obviously a document of considerable public importance. It was treated as such by *The Times*, the *Manchester Guardian* and by all the main popular dailies—indeed the *Herald* led its front page with it and also published a long summary on its main feature page. The *Daily Telegraph*, however, could not apparently bring itself to mention the report at all—careful search discloses not a line about it. Possibly it was thinking of the susceptibilities of its suburban readers. To me it seems even more necessary that it should remember its duties as a newspaper. The *Telegraph*, however, seems prone to odd judgments these days. The following day it led with a sensational story of the boarding of a Greek liner by a British minesweeper. It was impossible to discover from the headlines that the search revealed nothing.

It would appear from some correspondence a reader has sent me that the *Telegraph's* current oddities of judgment are not merely confined to news. At the time of the Bulganin-Krushchev visit my correspondent noticed a paragraph in the *Telegraph's* Way of the World column—surely one of the most unfunny funny columns in contemporary journalism—which seemed to him exceptionally discourteous even by its own standards. He wrote to say so. The paragraph likened Marshal Bulganin's appearance to that of a West Country farmer leaning over a fence "scratching the back of—well—Krushchev." My correspondent suggested politely that this was not perhaps the most fitting way to write of a state visitor to this country. He received the following reply which I quote in full: "Thank you for your letter which was passed to me by the editor. But if the Prime Minister entertains pigs why should I be ashamed to point it out? I don't follow it!" This letter is signed, Colin Welch (Peter Simple). Mr. Welch's wit, it will be seen, is not equal to his rudeness. But possibly the *Telegraph's* dislike of Sir Anthony Eden and the Russians has now reached the stage where anything goes.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

PERIQUE—AND THE PIPE OF PEACE



'Tis rare Perique, that so perfects Three Nuns

As the comforting clouds of Three Nuns Tobacco float lazily into the realms of remembered pleasures, reflect awhile on the nature of this fine tobacco. In the discs you'll remember the dark centres—the black heart of Perique, added by an expert hand to enrich and prolong your enjoyment of each ounce of Three Nuns. Long, long before Columbus adventured on American shores, Perique was being cultivated by Indian Braves in what is now the parish of St. James. For only in this 10 square mile area, some fifty miles above New Orleans on the rolling Mississippi, can this unique tobacco be successfully grown. Many a pipe of peace did Perique fill, many a Brave did it solace. Today, rich and rare, it imparts that distinctive aroma which the smokers of Three Nuns always enjoy.

Three Nuns

with the black heart of Perique

4/9 AN OUNCE

TN31C

The Arts and Entertainment

Kinds of Geometry

SINCE I wrote at length about de Staël recently, just an incidental remark about his large retrospective show at Whitechapel. The Whitechapel Gallery was once unique because it was successfully run for a non-specialist public, the people of the East End. In this role it could have become a centre for the most urgent art experiment of our time—that of allowing artist and public to teach each other. Now it has become just another modern museum, its local appeal degenerating to one of mere curiosity. This is partly the result of the choice of exhibitions, but far more because of the way they are presented. De Staël, beginning as a representational painter, becoming abstract and ending—too soon—as a different kind of representational artist, could have been an excellent subject for an explanatory show about the aims of an important and, in some ways typical, contemporary painter. Intelligent captions, instructive hanging and a brief, lucid introduction for all to see—these would have been a valuable tribute to de Staël's memory. But, instead, energy went to forming a paper Committee of Honour, to dealing with the row that was the result of trying to get too many notabilities included in this committee, and to producing a lavish catalogue sold at five shillings. On the walls not even the titles of the pictures are shown; in the catalogue for those who can afford it, there is a preface by the Director of the gallery, whose jargon befogged even an inveterate theoretician like myself. True, there is also a vivid personal memoir of the artist by Denys Sutton, but this by its nature can't answer the natural question: why use so much talent to paint squares? A fraction of the clarifying imagination which went into, for instance, sections of the South Bank exhibition, could rivet Whitechapel. As it is, the Gallery's policy is as aloof as charity. Soon we shall hear complaints that the only trouble with this excellent, go-ahead concern is that it is at Whitechapel!

De Staël's influence can be a very dangerous one, for, although he rejoiced in the sensuous quality of paint, he was a violently intense artist and nothing is easier than to take the highly paid-for boldness of a certain kind of urgency and turn it to cheap effect—it has been done hundreds of times to Van Gogh or Michelangelo. And this is what Donald Hamilton Fraser has done at Gimpels to de Staël. His semi-abstract marks of enamel-like, bright paint are bluff strength; a sky is made red or an object canary yellow to jazz things up, but in truth there is nothing to jazz up. De Staël made a slab of paint stand for something, even if we can't recognise what: Hamilton Fraser, with the help of an horizon and a semblance of perspective, still only suggests a very much less orderly than usual colourman's chart.

Our men of culture have been excavated—or, at least, that is the impression one gets from Louise Hutchinson's bronze portraits of them, haggard with knowledge, at the Beaux Arts. The head of Herbert Read is a good likeness, but most of the others conform to a formula which uses a loose, Impressionist technique of modelling to suggest, not a vibrant tension between the surfaces and the light, but the "tragic" sagging of battered masks. No artist was more concerned with emotion and more particularly with the way flesh is imprinted with its own experiences than Rodin; but, "One thing I have come to realise," he said, "is that geometry is at the bottom of sentiment, or rather that each expression of sentiment is made by a movement which geometry governs." His 30 bronzes at Roland, Browse and Delbanco's reveal again and again how this realisation prevented his massive sensuality and heart carrying him away, and made him the giant that he was.

Of course, one has got to discover the geometry, not impose it, and it is here that so much sculpture training fails, it encourages either literalism without geometry at all, or, in deference to so-called originality, museum impositions—like most of the Marino Marinis at the Hanover Gallery. The story of Pygmalion is not so improbable. The humanist sculptor struggles to make a replica of the model, but his medium, as he works it, is inevitably impregnated with his own experience, prejudices, desires. Thus the replica becomes impossible and art can be born—but only if the artist has already learnt to look, learnt to seize upon the essentials of the model in his losing battle to make her replica. It was the teacher's rare understanding of this truth which so impressed me when I saw the work of the Camberwell Sculpture School: the model in the middle of the room, and round her eight or nine life-size clay figures, all aiming at the same ideal, all creatively failing in quite different ways. And if any accuse such a system of academic dreariness, let Rodin, who suffered from the misunderstanding of the academies all his life, have the last word:

> The Ideal is in nature. There both Greeks and Gothic found their force. Do I seek an idea? No. I take my model with all the force that is in it. The subject, the charm of the subject comes only, therefore, from nature. Instead of its being the idea which sets in movement, it is the idea which suffers the impulse. I am opposed to the notion that one has an idea and that it aggrandizes the work. The strength of one's work is greater than that of one's ideas.

At the Prospect Gallery there are some paintings by Alan Lowndes, the son of a railway clerk who was born in Stockport in 1921. He paints his own back streets—the red beef-coloured houses, the ice-cream seller, and the parties in a street that in the summer is like a huge room. He will be compared to Lowry and he will be called a Primitive. In fact, his pictures resemble Lowry's only in the scale of their figures in relation to the buildings: his essential spirit is as convivial as Lowry's is lonely. As for being a Primitive, his drawing and use of oil paint—he is more skilful in gouache—is often clumsy, and he is naive (or wise) enough not to disguise this; but his intentions and view of life are not in the least naive. The authenticity of what he paints is at the moment stronger than the authenticity of his means; but year by year he narrows the gap between them. Lowndes may become one of our first professional working-class painters. Even now his paintings could convey to a foreigner a more typical picture of the industrial towns of Britain than any others I know. But if he is to turn his knowledge and confidence to full account, he must learn to observe tone in order to convey distance. I don't mean that he should become a Euston-Roader, but simply that he must notice more keenly how a girl's face in the middle distance is a pink blob, whereas in the far distance her whole body, face and all, may appear a dark blob, and in the foreground the shadow of her nose may make a sharper contrast than her dark hair with her pale cheeks.

The New Vision Centre, 4, Seymour Place, is dedicated to abstract art: to exhibiting it and discussing its problems. The present mixed show there is divided into two rooms. In one are works of the new abstract expressionism, blobby, highly textured and formlessly chaotic—as arbitrary as the gravy left on a decorated plate; in the other room are geometric, very carefully constructed works. These latter demand respect—if only because their artists, unfashionable now, hold to their principles at considerable sacrifice. The arguments between them and the realists amounts to so obvious a distinction that there ought to be no argument at all. The abstracts are original, imaginative and more often than not sensitive designers. Therefore they should design—industrially and architecturally. It is possible that Victor Pasmore, advising on the visual aspects of the new town of Peterlee, can contribute more to society than a whole year's pictures in Bond Street. But when these same artists construct an arrangement of colours and forms, frame it, talk vaguely of "symbols of our modern life," and try to sell it as a pictorial *image*, they are surely misapplying their talents and beliefs entirely. One's eye wanders—and rightly—from the painted shapes to the mount, to the frame, to the wall, to the room, to the architecture, and there one begins to consider what they might do if only they were offered, and could meet, the challenge of that sort of scale and context.

JOHN BERGER

O'Casey Goes to Jail

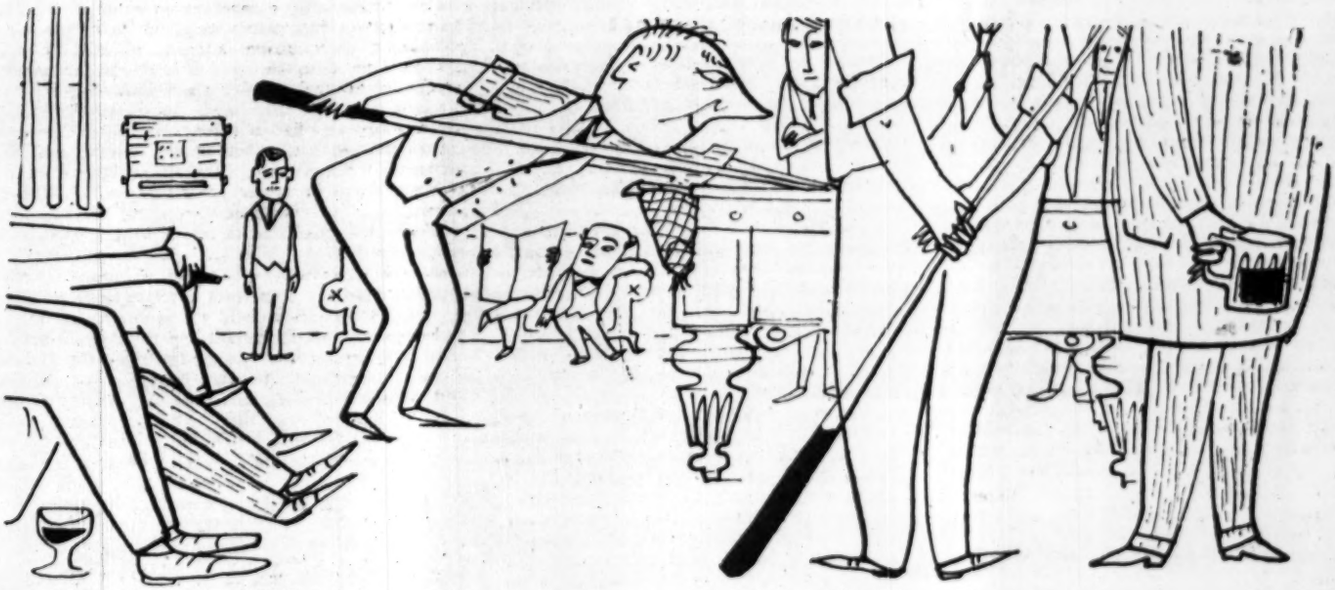
PERHAPS the first point to stress about *The Quare Fellow* (Theatre Royal, Stratford, E.15) is that you do not need to be fervently opposed to capital punishment to appreciate it. This is an artistic not a propagandist triumph, and you could be as firm a believer in, or as practised an exponent of compulsory liquidation as, say, J. V. Stalin, Mr. Pierrepoint, or the Home Secretary and still have to admit that this is the hell of a fine play and that Brendan Behan looks like possessing all the attributes of a really considerable playwright.

It might be said that a hanging, with its curiously obscene ritual, exercises such a strong obsessional fascination that it makes a play all on its own; and that Behan, with the advantages of eight years' prison experience, had merely to write a faithful documentary. There is no doubt some truth in this, but there is more to *The Quare Fellow* than good reporting, to say nothing of the ingenious stagecraft. Out of a cast of a score or so nearly everyone came alive, and distinct. The dialogue crackled electrically and was never verbose. It fitted the acrid prison scene as naturally as O'Casey's fitted the tenements of Dublin's north side.

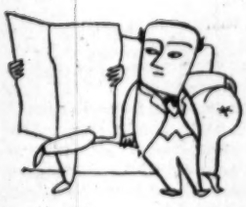
The mood throughout is one of absolute realism with a strong sardonic tinge. The prisoners wisecrack and mutter quasi-obscenely and make joke after joke about 'topping', just as prisoners do. The first act is set on a landing outside a row of cells. The characterisation here is one of the features of the play; it catches you like a whiff of Jeyes Fluid soon after the curtain rises. Three in particular establish themselves. The first is Dunlavin, an excellently goatish clown of a type which the *lumpenproletariat* of Dublin or Liverpool is constantly throwing up. He was cleverly played by Brian Murphy who made him skittish and tough with the right hint of epicenity. The second is a hefty great housebreaker, a very satisfactory performance by Glynn Edwards despite some difficulty with the Irish accent. The third, an ageing, villainous and probably tabetic cripple might almost have stepped out of the *Walpurgisnacht* scene in *Ulysses*; he was rendered obscene, mean, salivary and very human by Gerard Dynevor.

One of the two murderers in the prison, a middle-aged wife-killer who has just been reprieved, is brought in from the condemned cell to start his life sentence. His reception by the others, with its rough kindness—about as rough as a sink scrubber—and total tactlessness (for instance, some of their remarks when swarming round the window trying to get a glimpse of the women prisoners over the way) is, you feel, utterly right.

The rest of the play is staged in the exercise yard on the eve of and during the hanging. The problem of letting us see enough of the prisoners is solved, neatly enough, by having a working party digging the Quare Fellow's grave. Inevitably the prison staff begin now to occupy the



the things they say!



I.C.I. spent more than 30 million quid last year on new plants. That's what I like to see — big ideas being put over in a big way!

Yes, but isn't there a danger of a company getting too large?

Why so?

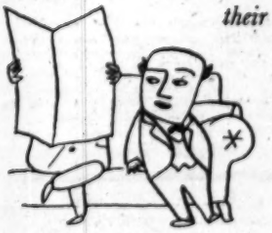
Because the sort of centralised control you get in big organisations kills initiative and smothers everything in red tape — costs rise and efficiency falls.

But I.C.I. doesn't work that way.

It has 13 operating Divisions, and each is largely master of its own affairs. Certainly, the end-product of one is often the raw material of another, but there's plenty of rivalry between them.

Well, if the Divisions are run as separate concerns, what was the sense in merging them?

So as to make a common pool of all their research and technical knowledge — and of their buying and selling, too, whenever that could be done with advantage and economy.



Is that all?

By no means. The merger also meant that the best brains in the business would be available to plan for all. And by putting all their money into one "kitty", they made sure that their ambitious new plans wouldn't fail for lack of capital.

You sound as if you really believed in I.C.I.'s sort of bigness!

I do. I.C.I. has to be as big as it is, to do the very big job it is doing.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

centre of attention. Behan allows two out of his four screws to be men of more than average kindness and sensitivity. Even his bibulous English executioner (overdone? I wonder) is a cosy comic, and all the more sinister for being so. We never see the condemned man. After much ingenious manipulation of tension nearly everything that happens—apart from a fainting warder being carried out—happens off-stage. A prisoner's voice, from a cell window high up, gives a mock running race commentary on the walk to the scaffold. We hear the drop, a muffled downbeat. The climax is the roaring jangle of protest as the prisoners rattle and bang on their cell doors and yell. I can guarantee its cathartic efficiency.

I wonder whether anyone will have the courage and imagination to transplant this play, with Joan Littlewood's Theatre Workshop production—excellent within the limitations, though there *must* be more of a break between night and dawn—to the West End. Aunt Edna and the matinée-goers might stay away but the Irish and the underworld would flock to it, to say nothing of us progressives.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Look and Listen

WITH all respect to the authoritative and impersonal majesty of The Corporation, I find myself more often switching on the Independent Television, than the BBC TV, News. (They coincide only at 7 p.m. ITN's main programme is at 10.45.) ITN is, on the whole, livelier and more informal than the BBC News feels it can permit itself to be. If this seems hard on the able and enterprising newsmen of the BBC, I can only say that, in a short evening news-bulletin, I don't particularly want the *gravitas* of *The Times*: the approach and tone of a good popular newspaper are really more appropriate and acceptable.

The structure and policy of ITN remain, under the editorship of Mr. Geoffrey Cox, much as they were under their creator, Mr. Aidan Crawley; and the programme companies now seem resigned to the not directly remunerative obligation of financing this service. The commercial people still do not seem to take news seriously, however: in a TAM special report which analyses the relative popularity of the rival programmes during the first six months of ITV, the diagram of "TAM ratings for types of programmes" shows children, plays, serials, variety, quiz, etc., but does not show news. Yet one argument now used for the relegation of the main news to a time as late as 10.45 is that it is regarded as a "holding programme"—a programme, that is, whose imminence will keep viewers switched on to the programme that precedes it.

Mr. Cox says that there are three elements in the composition of a news programme: "hard" news, film, and presentation—the style of doing it, which, on ITN, includes considerable freedom for the actual newscaster to project himself to the viewers (a concept abhorrent to the BBC, which does not, for instance, advertise its newscasters' names in the *Radio Times*). Indeed, Mr. James Bredin, ITN's gifted young Senior Producer, tells me that the items are rarely, if ever, broadcast as rewritten by the sub-editors from the original reports: they are rewritten again in consultation with the newscaster, to suit him; they become "a reflection, even an expression of his personality." Only when he is satisfied is an item transcribed for the Teleprompter—the gadget which displays a moving script, "writ large," attached to the camera itself, so that the newscaster reading it seems to the viewers to be looking at them.

The most important development in television news is only just beginning: it is the emergence of a new kind of journalist whose skill has the flexibility required by the medium and by the conditions in which the public performance is prepared for. Most of those employed in television news probably had journalistic backgrounds and training. It is, therefore, natural that they should have begun by reproducing in the TV news-rooms the fairly rigid division of editorial labour that obtains in Fleet Street. A reporter is a reporter: a sub-editor is a sub-editor. A reporter reports: a sub cuts, condenses and rewrites what he has written. The two rarely meet, except for a comradely recrimination over a pint in the King and Keys.

These distinctions are increasingly seen to be irrelevant in TV news production. Among the two hundred employees of ITN there are three reporters, eight sub-editors, six script-writers, eleven cameramen, and two newscasters, Robin Day and Ludovic Kennedy. (A third, to replace Christopher Chataway, will be appointed shortly, and candidates are now being interviewed.) But some of the sub-editors go out on stories with cameramen and thus act as reporters; reporters and sub-editors are occasionally brought into the studio to face the viewers and thus act as newscasters; and scriptwriters work in intimate association with the newscasters who are to read the "end-product" (to borrow the *What's My Line?* cliché). This kind of journalist has to be a master of the seen news and the spoken word rather than of even the most powerful and scintillating written prose.

As in other kinds of programmes, film is normally inferior to live camerawork in visual quality. This is partly because of the speed necessary in processing. Mr. Bredin mystified me completely by saying: "We run most of it negative, without printing it at all." But at least two recent filmed items in ITN programmes have been sufficiently compelling in content to make the viewer forget this technical deficiency. One was a three-minute picture (filmed by the American CBS and got by ITN under an exchange arrangement) of a riot and street-fighting in Cyprus. There were some terribly vivid moments in this: a soldier turning to brandish his truncheon at a line of girls who chased the troops screaming abuse and slogans, the wounded crying out in agony as they were lifted into trucks. The impact of this, in the homes of the eighteen-year-old South Staffordshires, must have been severe.

The other memorable item (reported by Mr. John Hartley, formerly a royal reporter on *The Times*) showed a visit to Banbury and interviews with its inhabitants on the Army's action in putting it out of bounds to British troops. So far as the trouble between British and American troops had arisen about girls, it was the opinion of a Banbury girl that "it's the country girls, mostly." In three minutes, by skilful interviewing and cutting, we were given a fair and complete picture of a fascinating local social problem. In a newsreel something has to be conveyed in two or three minutes that might run to seven or ten minutes in a news magazine. "It's a sonnet form, if you like," says Mr. Cox.

Topicality is as obsessive a fetish as in Fleet Street. It was almost a gimmick (but genuine) when a studio-girl, with headphones on, appeared recently on the screen handing a news-flash to Robin Day. Soon ITN may include in the 10.45 programme hotfoot descriptive critiques of theatrical first nights. This sort of job is not as easy as it looks.

TOM DRIBERG

A Burning of Books

IT is so long since we saw Bette Davis. Here she is, in *Storm Centre* at the Odeon, having undergone one of those brief retirements which, among the stars, accomplish the change from youth to middle age. For so many years, and so (on the whole) splendidly, she had been the woman of thirty; now suddenly she is rising fifty. A matronly figure, a less eminent eye, a subdued manner—though the last, I suspect, may be owing partly to Daniel Taradash directing his own story. Still, it is a pleasure to re-encounter her, to hear that voice which can distil more music and challenge out of dull words than any other.

And the film is a very decent one. *Too* decent, maybe, for when Hollywood decides to side with the angels, it tends also to relax: the effort has been too much. In general, so far as the run of film-making goes, I am on the side of the devils, which come more natural. It can be painful to see what is handed to Mr. Bogart or Mr. Edward

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G. Robinson in the way of virtue. *Storm Centre* is virtuous on what may seem to us a pretty safe subject: the threat to liberalism. Miss Davis is librarian in a small town, and the local council objects to one volume on her shelves, *Dream of Communism*. She defends the right to keep it. But also she wants a new children's wing to her library, and wavers, a past affiliation with Communist-inspired leagues is dug up, she's sacked. A modern witch, she gets modern treatment: not burning, but the cold shoulder.

This minor tragedy is taken, to start with, very mildly. A muted Bette Davis (can you imagine such a thing?) keeps us wondering about what's being missed and whether the director is extra cunning; he's not, but he does gradually warm up, and Miss Davis is given a little more rope, and a child involved comes more to life as the poison of hatred begins to circulate. There are nice glimpses of local life: the restaurant where a bib is tied round the customer's neck when he sits down, the personnel of the council, husbands and wives divided by the slow fever of hounding a victim. The irony and the drama begin to grow stronger; a burst of hysterics at a ceremony celebrating the new children's wing, is followed by a child setting fire to the library, and then—with a more frightful parallel in mind, and Shakespeare, Voltaire, Cervantes, and the Life of Jesus licked by the flames—we feel some of the agony which might have been more cunningly communicated early on. In particular, since the live spots are the librarian and the child devoted to her, their relationship could have been worked more deeply. This is the kind of film that could be made either hard or soft, but either way must be artful beyond the usual. That good cause is only too easy to shelter under. On the whole, Daniel Taradash, though missing big chances, manages to get home; and if the uncaring yawn through this defence of liberties, the more highly organised will enjoy it with mild reservations.

Every star enjoys a mud bath: one falls into the snake-pit of lunacy, another prefers specs and a sanatorium, sooner or later the lost week-end comes to all. It has come to Miss Susan Hayward in *I'll Cry To-morrow* (Empire). She sings the songs once sung by Lillian Roth and re-enacts her troubles with mother, men, and at last drink, which sends her twitching mop-headed, all make-up abandoned, through the slums. The pasteboard "A.A." in a window brings redemption; and she was half-way through an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting and about, I should say, to testify, when—after an hour and three-quarters—I had to go. I still didn't quite know why we should have to revive the miseries of this Lillian Roth, or why Miss Hayward (who has her straightforward charms) should have to do it, or why consolatory prizes should have heaped on her for the performance. There are, I admit, moments of fascination in this jungle of intoxication, as there were in Mr. Sinatra's recent drug-taking.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Moscow State Circus, at the Harringay Arena

The virtuosity of this display is positively disconcerting. The material is familiar enough, but the performance makes all other circuses seem clumsy as the sack-race. Stalin, the Dean of Canterbury used to assure us, was building the kingdom of God in Russia. We now know this remark to have expressed a decanal deviation. Nevertheless, somebody, using the foundation of the Russian circus tradition, has unquestionably been building a circus whose technique is out of this world. The balance of this programme is markedly acrobatic. The two most sensational turns are the Daghestan wire-walkers (also marvellous tumblers on the ground) and the Four Bubnov (*sic*) a vertiginous quartet of lady trapeze artistes, whose feats indicate complete confidence in each other's ideology. Look out for Valentina Demina, a wonderfully muscular and graceful contortionist dancer, super-charged with Slav mystique.

Only one equestrian act but that a smasher. For climax, A, riding round the ring standing on B's shoulders, leaps high, turns a back somersault and lands on the second horse. Alexander Serge, the horse-master, a sturdy middle-aged man in midnight-blue tweed, is the last word in Soviet chic, infinitely smarter than any diplomat.

The bears in the second half led poodles, boxed, rode motor-bikes with *élan* and gusto. Their trainer, Filatov, is a worthy heir to the tradition of the great Russian animal-trainer Durov, who, so they used to say in Berlin, could teach mice to play baccarat. As for Popov, the clown, he is all we have been told and more. Witty and gay, with a Russian fairy-tale quality about him, and wonderfully skilful on the wire and as a juggler. His whistle-swallowing and egg-laying were very nice: also his refereeing a boxing match between two other young clowns with an original line in collapsibility.

M. R.

"Gigi", at the New Theatre

In Colette's original (and in Mr. Roger Senhouse's exquisite translation) *Gigi* is a tragi-comic *soufflé*, light as thistledown, sensual as a feather-bed. In Miss Anita Loos's adaptation it has become as ham-handed a piece of *La Belle Epoque* as one could fear to meet outside the novels of Paul Bourget. It contains one or two good theatrical moments and a number of very odd but interesting performances—interesting because they are skilful without being suitable. As Gigi, Miss Leslie Caron plumps for pathos rather than fun, and because of this—and also as a result of the lack of any sub-plot—the second half of the play drags intolerably. As Gigi's old courtesan aunt, Miss Estelle Winwood gives a perfect rendering of the late Dame Lilian Braithwaite twenty years ago. We never for a moment believe that those arms once cradled crowned heads—though possibly a minor canon in a South of England close, in the strictest bonds of matrimony. What struck me most about this production was Miss Ena Burrill's big black wig. Somehow it seemed to symbolise all the travesties the English theatre commits when it takes to the *parley-voo*.

J. R.

Correspondence

A SLIGHT CASE OF APARTHEID

SIR,—No, racial segregation, as a principle, can never be justified; and yes, the logic of *apartheid* is lunatic. Dr. Adams's ideas for a multi-racial university at Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, are not, however, based on segregation as a principle, and are obviously diametrically opposed to the false logic of *apartheid*. May I, as a South African, say something in their defence?

The establishment of a multi-racial university at all in the present climate of southern African opinion is, as you hint, a prodigious triumph. It would be tragic if this triumph were to be turned to defeat at the hands of over-zealous supporters; and defeat is what we will have if the new university becomes black instead of multi-racial, though you appear to face this prospect with some equanimity.

If the small degree of segregation envisaged is not retained, the great majority of Europeans will assuredly boycott the institution, and those who do not, worried about their neighbours' opinion, the standard of education, feeding, social opportunities and all the rest of it, may be tempted to send their sons—and will almost certainly send their daughters—elsewhere. Elsewhere means the Union of South Africa in most cases, and we know what goes on there. At least we pretend to know.

Of the ten universities in South Africa, one is African, five are predominantly Afrikaans-speaking, and the remaining four predominantly English-speaking. In two of the last only is non-segregation practised, and then in a limited field: Black and White may mingle freely in lectures, at the student café, and, perhaps, at meetings. On social occasions, in sports and other extra-curricular pursuits they may not, or at least do not. From recent moves made by the South African government, it is clear that even this little tolerance is shortly to be prohibited.

Is it likely that Rhodesians will learn to live with Africans here? Is it any more likely that the Africans in their closed shop at Salisbury will learn to live with Europeans?

To those who have experienced conditions in a South African university, it will not be necessary to point out that, in any uni-racial community in a multi-racial society, small intolerances tend to breed upon themselves and become obsessions if untempered by opinions from the other side or sides. In the English-speaking universities, the Afrikaner and his negrophobia are held in just as low esteem as are the English-speaking South African and his support of integration in the Afrikaans universities. In the African university, an equal degree of mistrust is accorded to both European races, whose reforms often appear to the African condescending, as what reform does not?

Is this the climate in which the young Rhodesian mind is to mature? Is Salisbury to go the same way as our African university, which recently suffered temporary closure and the expulsion of a great many of its students for subversion and intimidation? It is to be hoped not.

There is one way to prevent it, and that, I maintain in the face of anything your principles may prompt you to say, is Dr. Adams's way. Get the races together, as close as possible without destroying what goodwill exists. When this exercise has strengthened the near-atrophied muscles of tolerance in the community, then, and only then, will the time have come to impose the harder task of complete integration.

NEIL HEPBURN

18a Silver Street,
Cambridge.

BUNNY, FLOCKIE & CO.

SIR,—With some astonishment and not a little distaste I have read the article "Bunny, Flockie & Co."

I happen to be Flockie's uncle. I was not, however, asked to Madame Plesch's party at Claridge's, and I cannot therefore speak at first hand of it. In principle, nevertheless, I deplore that my niece's London début should have been made a pretext for so much ostentation and publicity.

But fair's fair. Except for the excuse of my niece's "coming-out," how can the Plesch party be cited as

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an example of "the British upper class" getting "the bit between its teeth"? The hostess is of Central European origin and almost totally unacquainted with this country; the debatable number of thousand pounds which the party is said to have cost almost certainly did not come out of the pockets of British workers. Indeed, they might, I suppose, be regarded as an importation of foreign capital which may well have benefited some British workers in the London luxury trades.

Your article seems perverted by that wretched puritanism that has been the curse of English progressive thought ever since the days of Cromwell. Leaving questions of taste aside, if people choose to dissipate their money by drinking expensive champagne and their health by staying up all night, I should have thought that, in the interests of an eventual egalitarian society, they should be encouraged in these courses?

One other point. Whether intentionally or no, your article's onslaught seems to have been directed in particular at two young creatures who are not, I imagine, in much of a position to control the doings of their elders. Surely youth, even capitalistic youth, deserves to be treated with compassion.

Oak Cottage, SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH
Telscombe, nr. Lewes.

SIR,—The difficulties confronting the sociologist in dealing adequately with behaviour of *homo sapiens* were well illustrated in last week's issue of your journal: one correspondent made us gnash our teeth over the riotous living and frivolous attitudes of the better-off while another quoted a miners' secretary as saying that the behaviour of miners improves with their standard of living. There would appear to be some degree of contradiction here. The example of Sweden, with its problem of excessive drinking and its high suicide rate, has shown that the introduction of the most advanced forms of welfare do not necessarily make man more content or better behaved. This is not to be used, of course, as an argument for abolishing all forms of welfare, but it would seem to indicate that welfare and equality on its own are not enough.

Experience of the last decade has shown that many of the rich and artisan and working classes are each out for all they can get, whether in the form of dividends, more wages or subsidies. At the same time they are prepared to squander a high proportion of their earnings on luxuries or gambling. The sufferers have, of course, been the traditional custodians of morality and unselfishness, the fixed income groups, who continue to live lives cramped and poverty-stricken in comparison with their fellows who wax rich on capital gains, swollen dividends, inflated wages, and overtime earnings.

J. H. K. LOCKHART

89 Church Road, W.7

SIR,—Your article is a fascinating pot-pourri of 1930ish, left-wing imagery of "Society," "Capitalists," "The Upper Classes," etc. It is all there: The Robber Barons wearing evening dress, drinking glass after glass of champagne in intervals of cocking snooks at the masses, and generally ignoring the good work of 1789. As one who attended one of the parties disapproved of specifically, I feel entitled to correct a few of your errors.

First, the 1956 "Season," far from being the apotheosis of a fake revival of the leisured classes based on a fake economic prosperity, is, in fact, little different from the preceding "Seasons" since the war. As the writer has quoted economic reasons for this alleged revival, is he not also aware that the real value of money has been diminishing at the same time that capital has been appreciating?

Second, the need for workers to identify themselves with the nation as a whole is perhaps difficult to satisfy, while the popular press is our main means of self-identification. Let me assure the writer of this article that the term "workers" covers nearly all able-bodied males in this country, nowadays, even the guests at the goings-on he finds in such bad taste—all of whom would be very surprised if he told them that this present government was with them in the spirit, as it were, at their every function.

Lastly, that the Royal Family should be approached by the next Labour government to set an example and abandon the "London Season," seems only naive: can the writer really feel that even his blameless existence would be influenced to the extent of not going to parties by following an example set by somebody else?

IAN WALLACE-DUNLOP

130 St. Pancras Way,
N.W.1

COMMUNIST CRISIS

SIR,—The self-critical resolution issued by the Executive Committee of the Communist Party reflects the "revolt of the sheep" (to use Reginald Reynolds' phrase) which has broken out, belatedly but vigorously, in a section of the party's ranks. The leadership seems to have taken fright at the prospect of losing the last remnants of its following among professional people. So far as it goes, the document can only be welcomed by everyone who desires progress towards unity of the Socialist forces. Yet it would be premature to assume that anything fundamental has happened while self-styled "unrepentant Stalinists" are still hard at it, and occupying key positions.

At the time of writing, the *Daily Worker* has conspicuously failed to report the statement made by a Soviet police official to visiting French Socialists to the effect that the concentration camp network in the U.S.S.R. is now in process of being wound up. It must, of course, come rather hard to admit the abolition of something one has repeatedly (and abusively) denied the existence of; and especially, perhaps, when one is not all that pleased to see it abolished, for there should be no illusions that it was not precisely the police-State aspect of Stalin's system that above all fascinated a certain type of party member.

Though Mr. Pollitt has retired from the post of general secretary, Mr. R. P. Dutt, who fought his way into the leadership in close association with him, remains vice-chairman. That fact alone must give cause for hesitation in accepting that any very important change is likely to occur yet in the Communist Party's atmosphere and methods. In the current *Labour Monthly*, Mr. Dutt dismisses the Krushchev revelations with the characteristic phrase: "That there should be spots on any sun would only startle an inveterate Mithras-worshipper."

One recalls what happened in 1929, an earlier occasion when pressure from Moscow combined with a revolt by part of the membership compelled a change in the British Communist Party's line. At the Tenth Congress, held in Bermondsey in January of that year, the leaders went through the motions of adopting the new line. Thereafter, however, they dragged their feet so outrageously when it came to applying the line in practical terms that another Congress (the Eleventh, held at Leeds) had to be convened in December of the same year to ensure that a real turn in the party's activities took place. This was done by ousting Mr. Andrew Rothstein and the late Albert Inkpin from the top leadership and replacing them by Messrs. Pollitt and Dutt. The next few months will show whether an upheaval comparable to that is necessary and, if necessary, possible—in the Communist Party of today. MARXIST

SIR,—As you are well aware many of your readers are Communists or fellow-travellers, who, although they may be mistaken, are yet intellectually honest. Why then insult them by printing the "fascist beast" type of review by A. J. P. Taylor—a review that reflects neither analytical nor literary credit on your journal?

"Communism," he tells us, "is all sorts of things, an economic system (where?), a political party (how can an -ism be a party?), a method of government, a religion, self-confident, intolerant, aggressive. . . ." Confusion of thought could hardly go further, but he is not finished—"It would be foolish to question that Communism is a true religion (truly a religion?), a faith *all* the adherents of which are convinced that they are *always* right and everyone else is wrong." Presumably Taylor is himself sometimes wrong, and he may even be wrong here; otherwise there must be many highly intelligent and cultivated fools among your readers. And all this at the very moment when Communist parties are publicly admitting how wrong they were and how as a consequence the history of Socialism has been besmirched by many things that have happened in the U.S.S.R. during the past twenty years! Are historical facts of no interest to historians?

Having plunged into the mire of invective, Mr. Taylor must plunge deeper. "Between Communism and the sceptical West with its *intellectual integrity* (as evinced above?) the only relationship can be war." With Malaya, Kenya, Cyprus, Algeria, political victimisation and anti-left hysteria in the U.S.A., before our eyes, with Nazism not yet wiped out in a Germany that is to be rearmed, the West has apparently a monopoly of intellectual integrity. Everything is black and white. If this is so why does Taylor write for the NEW STATESMAN, which to its credit has many times exposed such lack of integrity? Is this itself integrity?

If I had to put my finger on a single great achievement of the U.S.S.R. during the past twenty years I would point to its status in the world of science. To a historian to whom precision of thought and expression means little, science, which is certainly a socially organised process based on intellectual integrity, is non-existent. It is from such glib dogmatic assertions that A. J. P. Taylor can make the easy prediction that in 400 years' time "Communists will have become lazy, pleasure-loving, indifferent to their own creed." I have never heard a Marxist so religiously credulous of his own analysis as to venture so recklessly into a prediction of this scale.

25 Home Park Road,
S.W.19 HYMAN LEVY

EDUCATION IN POLAND

SIR,—Mr. Crossman deserved to be called to account for his inexact statement on Polish education, but Mrs. Ziemba's letter and her quotations, if they are correct, from Mee's *Children's Encyclopædia*, are wide of the mark.

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ROBERT HALE

szlachta. The mass of the people was illiterate and remained so for most of the nineteenth century. There was some rural education, but not much. The first substantial peasant memoir happens to be that of a peasant schoolteacher, Kazimierz Deczynski. *Opis zycia wiesniaka polskiego* is a vivid chronicle of oppression of the peasants and of Deczynski's conscription into the army of the Congress Kingdom because the landlord of his village reported him as a dangerous agitator. To some extent illiteracy survived in independent Poland from 1919 to 1939. In Poznania fairly high standards of education were achieved, but towards the east illiterates in some districts amounted to 70 per cent. of the population. Of course in the east it can be argued that the Polish state inherited the backwardness of Tsarist Russia, but it must be remembered that these districts were in the main ethnically White Russian and Ukrainian and one gets the impression that the Polish authorities were not anxious to promote education in these districts. The new Poland has lost these regions. My own opinion is that it is very difficult to make statistical comparisons between pre-war and post-war Poland. In the new Poland illiteracy was a problem of manageable proportions and has virtually been wiped out; in pre-war Poland the problem was much larger.

The new Polish state shed the liabilities of the pre-war state, but it has made a solid contribution in the field of education. Priority for education in higher establishments was given to the sons of workers, peasants and "working intelligentsia" (i.e., white collar workers). Inequality of opportunity was reversed with a vengeance and with it social snobbery. I knew one young man who preferred to put down "tramdriver" instead of "architect" when required to state his father's occupation. He found life easier among the sons of peasants, bricklayers, factory workers and the like if he could plead that he was a genuine proletarian. There was much muddle after the war, but Warsaw University seemed to me, during my stay of 1949-50, full of vitality. The sons of the unprivileged seemed determined to make the most of their new opportunities. By now I suspect that they constitute the new ruling class, firmly established with a vested interest in the new state. For them political change would be a disaster.

23 Grove Park Road, R. F. LESLIE
Chiswick, W.4.

MONKEYS FOR RESEARCH

SIR,—When Critic suggests that it is, perhaps, time we had another investigation into animal experiments, he may well be right, for he probably expresses the views of very many thinking non-scientists: people who accept the value claimed for this method of research by responsible scientists but who, while not being taken in by the lurid accounts of the antivivisectionists, are nevertheless vaguely uneasy. Two Royal Commissions have examined the question, in 1875 and in 1906-8, but much has happened in the last 50 years; yet the British scientist may feel confident that he would be acquitted of cruelty today as completely as he was on these previous ocasions.

A national rather than international commission would be more likely to achieve something useful. But a third commission would make serious demands on the time and effort of many scientists—this would be their only reason for hesitating to advocate it—and it would have to justify itself by an expectation of useful results, such as demonstrating that British methods, at least, are a creditable model of scientific and humanitarian compromise; for we are very much aware of the obligation of humanity towards our experimental animals.

To answer but one of Critic's questions, very few, if any, important discoveries resulting from animal experiments could have been made by other means. Two thousand years of medical history would seem to place this beyond doubt. But this ignores the moral objection that some people have to exploiting animals in this or in any other way. This objection is unanswerable: but it must in turn admit the moral obligation that others feel to pursue knowledge of benefit to mankind by the best means possible, subject to the limitations on the infliction of pain already imposed, and largely self-imposed, on those whose profession it is to serve the cause of humanity in this way.

W. LANE-PETTER,
Research Defence Society, *Hon. Secretary*
11 Chandos Street,
Cavendish Square, London, W.1.

SQUARE DEAL FOR UNBELIEVERS

SIR,—Just before Easter, the National Secular Society was approached by the B.B.C. to provide a speaker who would be willing to present, briefly and simply, the case for atheism. I was selected and, in response to a phone call on April 11, I attended at Lime Grove that same evening. My brief talk was filmed there and then. A week later I received a letter from the Television Booking Dept., containing the following paragraph:

BRITAIN IN DECLINE?

I am writing to confirm our telephone conversation regarding the 3½ minute talk which you gave in the film sequence on April 11, which will form part of the above programme.

As this was the first opportunity (albeit brief) that our Society has had to reach the viewing—or even the listening—public, it was regarded as a step forward. In fact, even that tiny contribution was excluded from the programme, without my being informed.

True, I received a fee of five guineas and I agreed that "all rights in the recording shall vest in the Corporation." The fact remains: I was advised by phone and in writing that my talk would be used. Instead, the programme became virtually a vehicle for Christian—and more particularly, Anglican—propaganda, in a country where the majority of people do not uphold that faith. When will the B.B.C. give unbelievers a square deal?

COLIN MCCALL,
Secretary
National Secular Society,
41 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.1

JOAN MALLESON

SIR,—I hope that I am not too late to be allowed to send a tribute to the memory of Dr. Joan Malleson. I knew her from her early student days—and until her tragically sudden death she was always "my very dearest Joanna." Shortly before her death I had a characteristic note from her: she was having a wonderful time and, for two pins, would start round the world all over again, she wrote.

Joanna was one of the most thoroughly decent human beings it has been my good fortune to know. Kind, talented, sympathetic, extremely tactful, modest, she was very successful in her career. She had developed and advanced with considerable ease. Not content with that, she took to writing her excellent books—which were translated into several foreign languages.

She was fortunate in her children: her two doctor sons, with whom she loved to go about, and of whom she was charmingly proud. To them, as also to her daughter-in-law and her grandchildren, she was profoundly devoted. She never failed in gratitude for any small service one did her. Though she sometimes spoke of herself as being "pretty tough," she also had a gentle side. She took the break-up of her marriage very hard (she was staying with me at that time), and such toughness as she cultivated was no more than a vigorous determination to survive.

She had a delightful sense of fun; I still remember a comical encounter we had together when visiting a famous Harley Street specialist, to whom Joanna explained that I was her husband's former wife. The famous specialist, a conservative old bloke, seemed rather puzzled. Fumbling and stumbling over what to call me to Joanna, he came out at last with "your . . . your . . . your . . . *sister-in-law!*" When Joanna left the room, he turned to me and said: "I *like* Malleson. Plenty of good sound horse sense." That, very likely, may have been the general view in Harley Street. Internationally her reputation stood a great deal higher.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

The Roman from the Gorbals

That evening, I remember, as I came up through the Mill Meadow, I was feeling peculiarly happy and contented. It was still mid-March, one of those spring days when noon is like May, and only the cold pearly haze at sunset warns a man that he is not done with winter. The season was absurdly early, for the blackthorn was in flower and the hedge-roots were full of primroses. The partridges were paired, the rooks were well on with their nests. . . . I put up half a dozen snipe on the boggy edge of the stream. . . .

It is 192- and Sir Richard Hannay, K.C.B. ("I have dropped the 'General,' if you don't mind") is making his way through the spring thickets to Fosse Manor, all unmindful of a letter from Lord Artinswell ("Sir Walter Bullivant, as was") now lying on his hall table.

My dear Dick,

This note is in the nature of a warning. In the next day or two you will be asked, nay pressed, to undertake a troublesome piece of business. . . .

The game is on, the hunt is up. Once more, with a tingling excitement and nostalgia, we brace ourselves for a straight run through the Buchan country*.

Quite apart from the excellence of the writing, what gives Buchan's thrillers their enduring magic is that they are genuine fantasies, the day-dreams of an exceptionally gifted man. The first thing we must do if we are to see his entertainments in perspective (and also understand why he still commands such a large and loyal band of readers) is to get rid of the idea that he was just one more writer of adventure stories out to excite and titillate his audience like any other star of the *genre*—"Sapper," say, or A. E. W. Mason or, in our own day, Mr. Eric Ambler. There is an odious tradition—the product of our snobbish preference for the amateur—that adventure stories are written deliberately down to their public, from the lofty heights of relaxation, the great man amusing himself with the odd tale in an idle hour and Buchan himself was over-fond of this kind of playful disclaimer. "Honoured Sir," he begins the dedication of *The Three Hostages* ("to a Young Gentleman of Eton College")

. . . you demanded to hear more of the doings of Richard Hannay, a gentleman for whom you professed a liking. I, too, have a liking for Sir Richard, and when I met him the other day . . . I observed that his left hand had been considerably mauled, an injury which I knew had not been due to the war. He was so good as to tell me the tale of an unpleasant business in which he had recently been engaged. . . .

Such detachment is deceptive. Whatever the Young Etonian may have made of *The Three Hostages*, few adults can read the account of Hannay's strange emotional relationship with Medina—a relationship that at moments in the book takes on an ambiguous tinge—without being aware that in this instance the usual well-tailored thriller has taken monstrous shape and burgeoned into fantasy. In fact, Buchan's fiction is saturated with fantasies of every kind. Half the excitement of his work is that it is a seething bran-tub of ideas: Lenin, imperialism, *gurus*, time theories, fieldcraft, geopolitics and hypnotic suggestion are all jumbled up with the kidnappings and the hair's breadth escapes, the caves, kraals, deer-forests and Cotswold manors. This is why the true Buchan addict, while enjoying the clever fun of Mr. Richard Usborne's study, *Clubland Heroes*, must respectfully dissent from his judgment on the novels. Buchan is not to be classed with "Sapper" and Dornford Yates. He is no mere practitioner of the "God!-the-swine-have-got-Phyllis!" school. True, the swine do grab Phyllis again and again in his books, but that is not the point about them. They are the adumbrations, the wish-fulfilments, of a public man, one of the most tireless, unselfish careerists of our time.

So much has been written about the novels, so little about the man himself. This is surprising, for in his way Buchan is a powerful contemporary archetype. In a sense he is the last Roman of the British Empire. His bust shows us an unsmiling Ciceronian sentinel, Puritan and Stoic, bearing witness to the passing of *imperium*, as faithfully as Tully did to the end of the Republic. Cicero and Buchan—Plutarch could have drawn a powerful comparison from the pair of them. Both were provincials from the periphery—from the career point of view, Arpinum was about as far from Rome as the Borders from Westminster, just as the retreat at Tusculum balances the "dry-fly Hertfordshire trout-stream"; Athens and Brasenose supplied the royal *Lit. Hum.* road to the glittering prizes; law gave to both the same mental discipline; each served his imperial term, the first in Sicily, the second under Milner's pro-consulship in South Africa. Both espoused the State, becoming pro-consuls in their turn. The middle-age of both men was cleft with public disaster—civil war in Cicero's case, the Great War in Buchan's. Stabbings, self-murder and exile ended Cicero's friendships, the holocaust of Flanders closed the lives of the Blackwoods and Grenfells of Buchan's generation. Both men died in harness—Cicero, the defender of Republican liberties, poking his neck out of the litter toward the centurion's sword, Buchan worn out by the strain of his Governor-Generalship in Canada.

There is no *pietas* in the world so strong as that of the intellectual who aspires to the patriciate. Both Cicero and Buchan aspired to their respective Upper Tens as fiercely as any two men in history. Cicero's attachment to *optimus quisque*, the Senate-house and all that it represented, is notorious and moving. Nothing, he tells Atticus again and again in his letters, will tear me from it—*A curia autem nulla me res divellet*—I will never desert Mr. Micawber. Buchan's desire to join the Thursday Club—that gathering of Olympians where Lamancha, Leithen and Sandy Arbuthnot, Fulleylove the traveller, Warcliff the administrator and Burminster the duke, sit in informal conclave—was equally tenacious. Dr. Johnson long ago described the Scotsman's finest prospect. In his autobiography, *Memory Hold-the-Door*, Buchan commemorates the Tweed Valley of his childhood—its streams and shepherds, its glens, peat-hags and high tops. There were the Hills—the world of thrift and pastoral, from which he derived—but there was also the Road, "the Great South Road from the Scottish capital to England," along which he drove his imagination.

Bishop Gore says somewhere that the only trouble about the higher pantheism is that it is always in danger of relapsing into the lower pantheism. So it is with careerists. Yet the pleasing paradox of Buchan's life is that a man so ambitious should have been so genuinely decent a human being. Perhaps the very nakedness of his ambition acted as a moral disinfectant. Discussing snobbery, Desmond MacCarthy remarks that anyone who suffers from this peculiar obsession had better let it come out all over them at once like a rash: it can then do no harm to their intelligence or their natural affections. This seems to be just what Buchan did in fact do. He was an exponent of the higher careerism, the higher snobbery—the careerism of public service, the snobbery of the historically-minded romantic. In the world which he set out to conquer, men were prone to take midnight turns on the Embankment at decisive moments in their careers. F. E. Smith is said to have taken just such a historic prowl in 1918 when, at the age of forty-six, Lloyd George offered him the Woolsack. Throughout the night he balanced the pros and cons of becoming Birkenhead and forfeiting for ever his chance of the Premiership. Next morning, despite his friend Churchill's advice, he telegraphed his wife: "I salute my ennobled but impoverished family." At twenty-five John Buchan took a similar turn by the Thames, locked in a very different emotional crisis. For hours, he tells us, he paced up and down, wrestling with the question of whether or not it was his duty to volunteer for the South African War. This was hardly the act of an orthodox careerist.

For Buchan, as for his fellow-members of the "Kindergarten," South Africa after the Peace of Vereeniging was the testing-ground of the imperial ideal, the field of administrative battle where all was to be won by those arts of government which Milner had already practised in Egypt and which Curzon, Cromer and men like Laurier in Canada and Lugard in Nigeria were practising elsewhere. The young men who formed Milner's *corps d'élite* shared their master's arrogant public dream—a dream at once honourable and autocratic, paternal yet far-seeing, full of the enthusiasm of youth given its head in a land ready to be shaped and moulded after the fashion of a Platonic Commonwealth. For Curzon, India was a vast administrative problem, a sahib's burden weighed down with tradition and the backward stare. For Milner and his followers, Africa was the land of promise and administrative opportunity. Curzon's great Leaving Speech with its despairing undertones—the undertones of a pro-consul who knows sub-consciously that sooner

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* *The Thirty-Nine Steps; Greenmantle; The Three Hostages; The Island of Sheep; Huntingtower; Castle Gay; The House of the Four Winds; John Macnab; Prester John.* By JOHN BUCHAN. *Penguin Books. 2s. 6d. each*

or later the legions will embark for Rome—contrasts strangely with Buchan's account of the dream that he and his fellow-workers had of the Empire:

> I dreamed of a world-wide brotherhood with the background of a common race and creed, consecrated to the service of peace; Britain enriching the rest out of her culture and traditions, and the spirit of the Dominions like a strong wind freshening the stuffiness of the old lands. I saw in the Empire a means of giving to the congested masses at home open country instead of a blind alley. . . .

Alas, the dream died in that graveyard of all British hopes, the First World War. The watershed of slaughter that divides 1914 from 1919 is reflected in all Buchan's novels and especially in his heroes. It separates the Leithen and Hannay of *The Power House* and *The Thirty-nine Steps* from the Hannay of *The Three Hostages*, Dickson McCunn's "Gorbals Diehards" and the Leithen of *The Dancing Floor* and *Sick Heart River*. Like his fellow climbers, Cosmo Lang and Geoffrey Dawson, Buchan was a pious fetichist of the Baldwin age. Like them he believed in the Pilgrim Trust, the Mallard Song, the Round Table, the "spirits of well-shot partridge, woodcock, snipe", fluttering in the Sandringham sky. Just as Cicero raged at the new men's fishponds, so he and his friends sniffed dourly at the hard-faced *rastaquouères* who did well out of the war.

Buchan is the spokesman of the Lost Generation—that golden horde which, whatever Sir Lewis Namier's statistics may say to the contrary, perished in the 1914 war, leaving Britain largely rudderless, without moral or political leadership, the England of Ramsay MacDonald and the Slump that descended in its turn into the England of Munich and "that disastrous dinner table," Auden's England where nobody is well. For the layman one of the sovereign virtues of history is its power to cleanse our thought about the past. By relating what in fact did happen and why, it purges the mind of all kinds of magniloquent illusions, nostalgia and hoarded bitterness, reconciling us to our straitened condition and to the future, harmonising the grandeur of an imperial past with the energies of a contracting but still dynamic future. From this standpoint the lives of men like Buchan repay study. In the contemplation of them we discover both the part we have played as a nation and the nature of the role that we must yet enact.

JOHN RAYMOND

Gratitude for a Nightmare

His appearances are incalculable,
His strength terrible,
I do not know his name.

Huddling pensive for weeks on end, he
Gives only random hints of life, such as
Strokes of uncomfortable coincidence.

To eat heartily, dress warmly, lie snugly
And earn respect as a leading citizen
Granted long credit at all shops and inns—

How dangerous! I had feared this shag demon
Would not conform with my conformity
And in some leaner belly make his lair.

But now in dream he suddenly bestrides me. . . .
"All's well," I groan, and fumble for a light,
Brow bathed in sweat, heart pounding.

ROBERT GRAVES

Grooming for Power

The Power Elite. By C. WRIGHT MILLS. *Oxford.* 36*s.*

Minos or Minotaur? By JOHN BOWLE. *Cape.* 15*s.*

This is probably the angriest attack on the American way of life since Veblen published his *Theory of the Leisured Class*. Like Veblen, Mr. Mills is a professional sociologist and his polemic is delivered in the form of an academic analysis, interspersed with ironical denunciations and expletive protests. Though it is ponderously composed and larded with statistics, I found Mr. Mill's sociology a good deal more palatable than his sermons, which are not as witty as Veblen's.

It is his thesis that the United States is now dominated by a ruling class, which he calls the Power Elite. It is composed, he tells us, of three elements—the executives, the war lords and the political outsiders. The professional politicians have been relegated to the "middle levels" of power—along with the judiciary, the labour leaders and the independent entrepreneurs. As for public opinion, it is manipulated by those who control the media of mass communication for the new ruling class.

These bare bones are not particularly novel; we have heard before now about the dictatorship of American big business. But Mr. Mills has brought the skeleton to life by clothing it in the flesh and blood of the Eisenhower regime. He is out to destroy our illusions—that the Constitution still provides an effective bulwark against absolutism; that regionalism still offsets centralisation; and that American capitalism provides a career open to the talents—and his most interesting chapters are those in which he amasses evidence that the Power Elite is drawn from a small social oligarchy, as wealthy, homogeneous and exclusive as that of eighteenth-century Britain.

First he shows that the millionaire who began life selling newspapers is now a rarity. Ninety-three per cent. of the rich are inheritors; and, of

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the very rich, seven out of ten were born wealthy and only one in humble circumstances. Normally, they are neither entrepreneurs who built up their own business nor able men who climbed up the hierarchy of a corporation by sheer merit.

It is not by industry but by finance, not by management but by promotion and speculation that they typically become enriched. Those who have risen into the very rich have been economic politicians and members of important cliques.

Mr. Mills then examines the executives of the big corporations. He has no difficulty in showing that they are no longer "industrialists" or rugged capitalists. Many of them, indeed, are well-groomed college graduates with a legal training. In his view, however, it is misleading to describe them as bureaucrats, since they display neither the vices nor the virtues of the civil servant. What has brought them to the top has been, first, the right social background and then a "broadening" of the mind, which enables them to accept the values of big business without compunction.

Here we reach the most original of Mr. Mills's theses. Two generations ago, he observes, power and social prestige were dispersed; there was a New York society, a Chicago society, etc. Today these local oligarchies have been integrated into a single national oligarchy; and the integration has been achieved almost entirely by an exclusive system of private education. The characteristic member of the Power Elite wears an old school tie and marries a girl with a similar educational background. By 1950, 68 per cent. of the very rich were college graduates and, of these, more than half were sent to Choate, Groton or some other Eastern private school and not less than a third went on to either Harvard or Yale. Apparently America in the 1950s is developing a system of privileged education with precisely the social function for which so many of our public schools were founded a hundred years ago.

. . . The school rather than the upper-class family is the most important agency for transmitting the traditions of the upper social classes and regulating the admission of new wealth and talent. In these schools the religious, family and educational tasks of the upper social classes are fused and the major task of upholding such standards as prevail in these classes are centred in them.

Since World War II a new element has joined the Power Elite. Mr. Mills shows the enormous influence which the Service chiefs now exert over every aspect of economics and policy; and suggests, reasonably enough, that these senior officers mix very easily with the business oligarchy because they too are products of an exclusive boarding-school education at West Point or Annapolis. The budding Chief of the Army Staff and the budding President of General Motors have both been shaped by their schooling for national leadership and imbued with a high-minded contempt for the traditional values of American democracy.

The third element in the Power Elite is "the political outsider." The succeeding eras of New Deal, War and Cold War have enormously increased the power of the Executive. One consequence of this is that more and more of the key positions of power are now manned not by professional politicians but by outsiders recruited to the White House. They too, when they are not serving officers, are normally members of the social oligarchy.

The status of the Power Elite is assured by the media of mass communication, which build up the American celebrity. The real rulers are content to cede first place in the public eye to the idols of the movies, sport and modelling—those expensive and useless objects of popular adoration which correspond, in the American scale of values, to our own Royal Family. By discreetly attending Court (*i.e.*, being photographed with a star or playing golf with a champion), the rulers obtain a national acceptance of their power status, which remains largely unaffected by such "middle level" activities as State or Congressional elections. Congressmen can be safely left to quarrel around the pork-barrel. It is only the Presidential election which matters to the Power Elite. And there they can usually ensure the nomination of an Eisenhower or a Stevenson, both members of the elite, though the latter has "Whiggish" views.

I hope I have given a sufficient taste of Mr. Mills's polemic to entice English readers to swallow the whole of his potent concoction. I strongly suspect that he suffers from the American defect of headlong exaggeration; but he provides a healthy antidote to those English writers who contrast our class-conscious decadence with the individualism of American democracy.

One of these is Mr. Bowle. He has given his expensive little book an ambitious sub-title—*The Dilemma of Power*—and tells us that it was written "at the invitation of the Acton Society Trust to form some basis for discussion of various urgent contemporary political and social problems." I could find in it no kind of agenda for systematic thought. Mr. Bowle is splendidly contemptuous of his fellow-intellectuals and condemns as neutralists or defeatists everyone who questions the accepted clichés of Anglo-American policy. He is nonpolitical in the B.B.C. sense of that word—*i.e.*, he is convinced that the equalitarianism of the Welfare State is undermining the elites on which Western civilisation depends. His scale of values is indicated by his praise of the wretched Reith Lectures given by Sir Oliver Franks; and by his solemn suggestion that the contempt which the modern scientist feels for politics and the arts could best be removed by "a proper technique of exposition, akin to the more sophisticated methods of modern advertising." And he does all this in a style which combines the metallic monotony of Macaulay at his most verbose with the intellectual squashiness of a *Times* editorial.

Go West, young man, go West. Though you are not a Choate and Princeton product, you are the next best thing—an Oxford man who thinks and feels like an editor of *Fortune*. Your talents are wasted in the dreary equalitarianism of the British Welfare State.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

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STAPLES

The Newer Poets

A Word Carved on a Sill. By JOHN WAIN. *Routledge.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Bread Rather than Blossoms. By D. J. ENRIGHT. *Secker & Warburg.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

I began to write verse at a time when the most fashionable minor poets were in revolt against any kind of clarity and saw no need to admit the shaping intelligence into their work to any significant extent. Words were used imprecisely, structure was casual, logic was disregarded, and the two chief requirements, it often seemed, were a high emotional temperature and a heavy dramatisation of the poet's personality.

This is from a note by Mr. Wain on his own poetry, in an anthology *Poets of the 1950s*, recently published by Mr. Enright in Japan. The sentences define, very concisely, the risks which, in his early work, he was anxious to avoid running. But to avoid one set of risks is always to run into another set. In a good-humoured contribution to the same anthology, Mr. Wain's friend, Mr. Kingsley Amis, notes:

The trouble with the newer poets, including myself, is that they are often lucid and nothing else—except arid and bald, and that, on the other hand, the strict forms seem to give some of them the idea that they can be as sentimental and trite as they please provided they do it in *terza rima*.

One's own early feeling for Mr. Wain's earlier poems was warmly welcoming: for the neatness, the cleanness, the air of authority and precision. What one feels a little uneasily now is that sometimes the formula—a tidy, highly intelligent one—is writing the poem. There is, for instance, the Wain gnomic line, something at once as strikingly personal and as easily imitable as Pope's heroic couplet (indeed, one might almost say that "every warbler has his tune by heart"). It is mechanically regular in metre, rigidly conversational in word order. It has the air of carrying, stiff-upper-lipped, a grim weight of meaning:

It seems the poet made a bad mistake . . .
What's lost is lost, and never can be found . . .
The axiom was never hard to prove:
The thing you work for, always comes too late . . .
And each day finds us poorer than before . . .
It seems a meaning we could hardly miss . . .

Is that what is partly wrong with it, *as* meaning? The air of saying something deep, with casual forcefulness, is not always justified by an actual depth of content. It seems the poet has a way to go. And, indeed, admirers of Mr. Wain's various and energetic talents will look, for growing points, in this book, less at early bravura pieces of wit-writing like *On Reading Love Poetry in the Dentist's Waiting Room* than at the less typical *Patriotic Poem*—

This mildewed island,
Rained on and beaten flat by bombs and water,
Seems ready now to crack like any other
Proud organism drugged with praise and torture—

where a less constricted feeling permits a freer handling of rhythm, or at the hesitant but touching *Usefulness of Light* where for once we get away from concepts to images:

Stirred by the wind's long spoon
the snow for one whole day
spins down. The sky comes clean.
Colour is here to stay.

It will annoy both writers very much when I say that this poem reminded me of some of the spare, graceful lyrics of Sir Herbert Read. Mr. Wain is moving, in his later poems, beyond a level of assured accomplishment that was becoming mechanical; and one wishes him well in what he calls in Mr. Enright's anthology his "more widely experimental phase".

Mr. Enright is in no danger of being caught in a too rigid fashionable mould. He is admirably alive and untidy; he is an impressionist, a pouncingly alert one, doubled with a humanely irascible social moralist, and Japan with its *Gulliver's Travels* feeling for the English visitor—an overcrowded set of islands on the edge of a continent, very "traditional" and very industrialised, as full as our own islands of juxta-

positions of beauty and shabbiness, human kindness and institutional heartlessness—is an admirable field for his gifts. He is one of the few poets of his generation of whom it can be said that his poems—they seem often scrappy and notebooky, when read individually—gain by being read in bulk. One gets used both to his way of seeing things and to his special kind of wry joke:

> To live is compulsory. Sometimes we come a cropper, sometimes we profit from it.
> To write is voluntary. The writer can always still his twitchy pen-finger with a chopper.

I enjoyed this book enormously, and I hope Mr. Enright doesn't reach for his chopper for a long, long time.

G. S. FRASER

Mozartiana

Mozart's Letters. Edited and introduced by ERIC BLOM. *Penguin Books.* 3*s.* 6*d.*

The Mozart Companion. Edited by H. C. ROBBINS LANDON and DONALD MITCHELL. *Rockliff.* 30*s.*

The Pelican edition of Mozart's letters consists of a selection from the famous translation by Emily Anderson published in three large volumes by Macmillan in 1938. Miss Anderson included many letters from the composer's family, especially from his father; Mr. Blom has kept to Mozart's own letters, choosing them carefully and linking them with just enough explanation and narrative to make a connected biographical sequence. The task could not have been better done. Nor is it possible to imagine a more brilliant English version of these slangy, gossipy, suddenly profound letters than that of Miss Anderson. Nothing dismays this intrepid Irish scholar, neither water-closet humour (apparently a Mozartian family trait) nor verbal fantasies which suggest *Finnegans Wake*:

> I can't write anything sensible today, as I am rails off the quite. Papa be annoyed not must. I that just like today feel, I help it cannot. Warefell. I gish you nood-wight. Sound sleeply.

The picture of Mozart that emerges as we read is almost painfully vivid. We see a young man naturally affectionate, high-spirited, spontaneous and rather feckless; always entirely confident of his musical powers, but in other respects insecure and mistrustful; therefore morbidly anxious for the approval and love of everyone he meets.

> Strassburg is loth to let me go! You cannot think how much they esteem and love me here. They say that everything about me is so distinguished—that I am so composed—and polite—and have such excellent manners. Everyone knows me.

It was true that he made friends readily—far too readily, his father thought; but his relations with other composers were often unhappy, because he could not hide his awareness of superiority. His attitude towards his rivals (for instance, Clementi) was sometimes so ungenerous as to be downright unjust. But a saint might have chafed under the gradual decrescendo of his career: the dazzling successes as a child prodigy followed by lean years during which few grasped the power and beauty of his mature compositions. "They probably think," he wrote when he was twenty, "that because I am little and young, nothing great or mature can come out of me; but they will soon see." In Vienna at least they never quite saw; but at the time of his death popular success was perhaps just round the corner.

The Mozart Companion, a symposium by many distinguished writers, is almost wholly concerned with the music, which is subjected, category by category, to a fresh and detailed reconsideration. Donald Mitchell contributes a closely reasoned analytical study of the three great Serenades for Wind Band; his fellow-editor, the author of the recent monumental work on Haydn's symphonies, finds something new to say on that now well-worn subject, the Mozartian concerto. Friedrich Blume, best known in England as the careful editor of many recent Eulenburg scores of Mozart, discusses the textual sources of the concertos, tending to reach conclusions different from those of Einstein (to whose memory the book is dedicated), especially in respect of the authenticity of the doubtful violin concertos. In general, except for Gerald Abraham's chapter on the operas, the book is rather tough going and hardly suitable for consecutive reading. Those who write about music reach sooner or later the moment when they must be prepared to drop either the argument or a large proportion of their readers; faced with this choice, the contributors to *The Mozart Companion* never hesitate, plunging fearlessly into the most complex diagrams and technicalities, and assuming always that the reader will be equipped with the relevant score. For the average keen amateur, Einstein's famous monograph (*Mozart: His Character, His Work;* Cassell) will prove much more useful. That great scholar managed to summarise the labours of a lifetime in language that is not only clear but a pleasure to read; besides, in much the same space he covers more ground. Both Einstein's book and the *Companion* contain an index of Mozart's works arranged numerically by their Köchel numbers; and it is comparatively seldom that the reader, confronted with an unfamiliar work, will consult Einstein in vain. Thus the *Companion* disposes of *La finta giardiniera*, a work of real value, in four lines and has nothing at all to say of the slight *La finta semplice*, while to each of these operas Einstein devotes three or four enlightening and discriminating pages. Mozart's songs are also ignored in the new volume.

Hans Keller bewails the difficulty of squeezing into his allotted space what he has to say about the chamber music, and solves the problem by airily explaining (in defiance of the publisher's more hopeful blurb) that he is addressing mainly the string quartet *player*: the wonderful quintets therefore get short shrift, since "two violas are rarer than one". There are plenty of quartet players—as well as score-readers—who may recoil from the alarming complexity of Mr. Keller's diagrammatic demonstrations, from the teasing invocations of Freud and Kafka, and from a style which sometimes recalls Tovey at his most oracular-jocular. But such quirks should be disregarded: they are only the Gothic trimmings on a severely functional design. Mr. Keller's strict analyses are intended to illustrate a theory about music which he holds with passionate conviction. "All great music," he contends, "is latently monothematic and, if in more than one movement, cyclic"; in the greatest works "every little chip of a thought has grown from the original idea". In pursuit of this theory, he devotes thirteen closely argued and absorbingly interesting pages to a demonstration of the thematic unity of the first of the "Haydn" Quartets (K.387 in G), adding that the method is equally applicable to the rest except for one or two, such as K.428 in E flat (commonly regarded as a masterpiece), which fall short in one way or another of his monothematic ideal.

Many of Mr. Keller's demonstrations I find convincing and enlightening, others absurdly far-fetched. He convinces me, for instance, that the three minor-key movements of the D minor Quartet (K.421) derive from a single basic idea; but when he solemnly puts a bracket round the two notes D—A and invites us to recognise their retrograde version in a subsequent passage containing the two notes A—D, I object, for such leaps from tonic to dominant, and vice versa, are to be found everywhere in tonal music. Once started, moreover, on the absorbing game of monothematic detective work, we find ourselves spotting links and parallels all over the place, sometimes even between movements from *different* works; and we begin to suspect that a high degree of thematic unity might well be demonstrated in the work of some academic but very dull composers. If so, would these works have to be promoted to Mozartian status? No doubt Mr. Keller would reply that the contention that all great music is monothematic must not be taken to imply its converse. Very well; but, if the converse is *not* true, and if an unimpeachably monothematic musical structure can be also, by common consent, a dismally dull piece of music, then monothematicism (like patriotism) is plainly not enough.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Ultissima Thule

Rockall. By JAMES FISHER. *Bles.* 18*s.*

A pinpoint on the map, 191 miles west of St. Kilda; a knob of rock, the shape of a haystack and white-capped with guano, sticking up 63 feet from the Atlantic; a seamark to the old Arctic whalers, and to the modern trawlers that fish the Rockall Bank; a name of dread too, for ships have foundered on the nearby Helen's Reef—this is Rockall. In stormy weather, breaking seas rear a tower of water two-and-a-half times its height; in dead calm the Atlantic swell still heaves high up and down its granite. A landing is inconceivable in any but the calmest weather, and even then the swell and the steepness and the slippery seaweed make it a delicate and hazardous undertaking, only achieved for certain by four parties. The latest occasion was last September, when the Navy annexed Rockall to Britain. Nobody had ever claimed it before nor, it appears, even thought of claiming it; what prompted the operation was the need to protect the fishing and control the safety of that part of the Atlantic because of the new guided missile range on South Uist. This landing, from the survey ship *Vidal*, with four men delicately winched down from a helicopter on to a six-foot ledge, is the climax of Mr. Fisher's tight-packed history of Rockall. It is very stirring, very heartening—not so much because a speck on the Atlantic had become British, but because the operation was the elegant, satisfying climax to over a century's attempts to know Rockall.

The first men to land were a boat's crew from

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H.M.S. *Endymion* in 1811, under Basil Hall, then a lieutenant on that frigate, later distinguished as a traveller. He did it more for a lark than anything else; a more scientific spirit inspired the visitors from H.M.S. *Porcupine* in 1862, and the French *Pourquoi Pas?* expedition in 1921, who looked in on their way to Greenland. Rock and algæ were collected; guillemots, gannets, kittiwakes, fulmars, puffins have been observed and photographed from sea and air by bird-watchers aboard trawlers fishing the Bank, by airmen of Coastal Command, by a party of Rockall-fanciers who flew out in a Sunderland in 1947, and by the crew of the yacht *Petula* which cruised up and down for two-and-a-half hours in 1949. Mr. Fisher was on these two last expeditions, and the Admiralty invited him—and his bursting Rockall file—to join last year's annexation party. Along with the Union flag and the pole they carried a bagful of questions that had piled up over the years; in their two hours on the rock they worked desperately to provide raw material for the answers, James Fisher bashing away for specimens of Rockall's unique granite while two Marine commandos swarmed over the wet rock collecting algæ, lichens and periwinkles.

All the information gathered about Rockall, and all the deductions drawn—as that guillemots probably breed on the rock, that geologically it belongs to the Icelandic system—are assembled in the book, and only here and there does any feeling seep through the close-packed facts. But it is the author's obsession with Rockall which holds the book together, and makes it absorbing even to a reader capable of confusing a gannet with a guillemot. For it is an obsession that goes far beyond scientific curiosity, and clearly many have shared it—there is a nine-page bibliography of books and articles bearing on this smallest isolated rock in the world. Rockall draws the imagination, almost intolerably; the remarkable photographs in the book will haunt one's mind, but it is the idea of Rockall that most teases and disturbs. Is it the extraordinary loneliness? Does the existence of any shred of land simply emphasise the terrifying immensity of the sea? Or is there, conceivably, something exhilarating in the idea of this sharp-cut rock defiantly asserting its individuality in the undifferentiated flux of the North Atlantic? However it may be, one's heart warms to Mr. Fisher when the helicopter deposits him on Hall's Ledge, as gently and accurately as a crane lowers a crate into the hold of a ship, and his first act is to kiss the rock he had read about, wondered about, looked at and photographed over so many years, and now for the first time actually touched.

JANET ADAM SMITH

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His Majesty Mr. Norris

The Summer King. By AYLMER VALLANCE. *Thames & Hudson.* 16*s.*

Whatever became of Arthur Norris? He changed trains, you remember, with Christopher Isherwood in the Thirties in Berlin: he was last heard of somewhere in South America, closely pursued by a blackmailing secretary. Bland, shifty, artful, absurd and pathetic in his sketchy attempts at dignity, he seemed undoubtedly a figure of this century—one of those Edwardian ruins that Orwell knocked about a bit, a phoney toff in the age of chaps and voters. Nevertheless, he had an earlier incarnation, as the late Aylmer Vallance's inquiries have revealed. This was as Theodore von Neuhoff, a needy Westphalian nobleman of the eighteenth century, by turns page at Versailles, *roué*, cashiered officer, secret agent, swindler, and first King of Corsica. "Ah. What is one ever doing anywhere? Fishing in troubled waters, I suppose one might call it."

It was on March 12, 1736, that King Theodore first appeared in Corsica, suitably dressed in a scarlet Oriental caftan, bright yellow Moorish slippers, a perruque and a Cavalier hat, with a Toledo sword and an Indian cane. His eclectic regalia were appropriate to his chequered past. After losing his commission, he had settled in The Hague on borrowed money, and there had ingratiated himself with Baron Görtz of Holstein-Gottorp, agent of Charles XII of Sweden, who was then intriguing with the Jacobites. In their cause, Theodore shuttled between London, Paris, and Madrid, like a P.R.O. on an expense-account, scarcely pausing to marry a noble wife and run off with her jewellery. With the fall of Görtz and then of Alberoni, he fled to Paris in time to burn his fingers in John Law's *Compagnie des Indes*, then fled again to The Hague to escape his creditors. Here he fished in further murky waters before appearing in Rome as "Baron Stephan Romberg," intriguing with Jacobite exiles and supported by two charitable French nuns. Imprisoned for fraud in Leghorn, he meanwhile made contact with agents from Corsica, then in rebellion against the Genoese. At length, sailing via Tunis, he set out on the brief and inglorious adventure of kingship. In Corsica, for just over six months, he enjoyed a reign reminiscent of Mussolini's Republic of Salò. Then, panicky, defeated, betrayed, and penniless, he fled once more; and within a further six months was again arrested, in Amsterdam, for debt. Twice more in his life he was imprisoned; twice more he tried to win back Corsica—or pretended to, financed by Dutch businessmen, and escorted by British ships. For some twenty years he continued to wriggle in and out of public affairs: but for all his crooked bravado, and for all the visionary greed of his dupes and sponsors, the sun had set on Theodore's Corsican kingdom; and the rest of his story is unedifying, too sordid to be tragic.

Its real fascination, as Mr. Vallance clearly saw, is its seamy contrast with the textbook history of the eighteenth century. Here was one of the realities behind the resounding treaties and battles, the triple alliances and wars of succession. Like Lytton Strachey, whom he quotes in his Introduction, Mr. Vallance sets out to mock the world of Lord Chesterfield by glancing at the world of Smollett; to produce, if you like, a Gibbonian footnote on the Augustan age. The aim may be superficial: but in such essays as that on Voltaire and Frederick the Great, Strachey achieved it perfectly, registering polite astonishment, smiling indulgently, turning the perfect phrase. At this game Mr. Vallance is less adept: his semi-scholarly urbanity drops at times into slang (in quotation marks) or overt comment, and the Stracheyan complicity is destroyed. But the final effect is far less smug, although less exquisite; and in his last elegiac paragraphs on Theodore's pauper's grave, Mr. Vallance's honesty is more effective than the dying fall of Strachey's perorations. The King was buried in Soho, with a matronly epitaph by Horace Walpole, and "cup coronets gilt" on his coffin. "Maybe," adds Mr. Vallance, "he told St. Peter that the 'cup coronets' were solid gold."

RICHARD MAYNE

Marx and Manor

Studies in the Agrarian History of England in the Thirteenth Century. By E. A. KOSMINSKY. Edited by R. H. HILTON. Translated by RUTH KISCH. *Blackwell.* 37*s.* 6*d.*

To us the Middle Ages, even the English Middle Ages, seem very remote. Centuries of gradual change divide us from them, and our modern medievalists, slowly winding their way through monastic laundry baskets, make them seem even more distant. But in Russia it is very different. There it is less than a century since the serfs were emancipated and the old village structure was suddenly exposed to modern capitalism. Consequently Russian scholars have turned with enthusiasm, and for enlightenment, to the parallel but far slower process which changed England, once the most fully developed "feudal" country, into the greatest capitalist power. Some of these Russian scholars—Petruchevsky, Granat, Kovalevsky—remain hidden from most of us behind the barrier of their language, but others have emerged and engaged our own medievalists in refreshing dialogue. Vinogradoff, who gave us the classical definition of the manor, became an Englishman. His pupil Savine, through his great work on the English monasteries, is sometimes mistaken for one. Now there is Savine's pupil Kosminsky. The main lines of Kosminsky's work are already known in England through articles in the learned journals. The new translation of his latest work, published in Russian in 1947, fills out these main lines with an ample apparatus of documentation—and doctrine.

Briefly, Kosminsky's thesis is simple. Former students of the medieval English manor concentrated their attention on the large manors whose individual records survive. In so doing they created a picture which, however true of those large manors, does not necessarily apply to smaller manors. Kosminsky therefore seeks to establish a more certain picture by examining in detail a more representative document. This is the Survey of 1279 in the Hundred Rolls which, if carefully analysed, can illustrate the economy of "more than 700 centres of habitation in an unbroken band from Suffolk to Oxfordshire." Of course he also uses other sources, but it is on this Survey that he concentrates his remarkable analytic powers. The result is impressive. Just as Savine, by narrow scrutiny of a single document—the *Valor Ecclesiasticus* of 1535—revealed the whole economy of English monasticism in its last days, so Kosminsky, by a similar technique, illustrates the whole manorial structure of thirteenth-century England.

And what are the results? He shows that whereas the large manors of great lords, lay or clerical, conform more or less to the "typical" manor of Vinogradoff, with villein tenure and hereditary servile labour, smaller manors differed significantly from this "type." More variable in form, less self-sufficient in economy, they relied less on villein-labour than on money-rent and the hired work of landless cottars. Such a difference is not due (as some older historians thought) to

commutation, to a gradual progress from labour-rents to money-rents, for in fact it is in the economically most advanced areas that we find the former while the latter are most regular in the backward North. Nor is it a difference between efficient and inefficient exploitation: great abbeys growing for distant markets on the basis of servile labour were certainly not inefficient enterprises. It is a difference inherent in the type of holding. The problem of the small landlord was essentially different from that of the great.

> He was not able to offer his peasants full holdings, and naturally tried to carve out as large a demesne for himself as possible by limiting the area of tenants' lands. He could not set up an expensive machinery of coercion and control. . . . He could, of course, exercise coercion and control in person; but no doubt it was easier to deal with cowed and unorganised cottars than with the "solid" peasant members of a village community.

Consequently he preferred the work of a free but nearly landless rural proletariat, and while the great lord sought, for his economy, to extract ever more labour from his villeins, the knight or risen *kulak* sought to keep down money-wages and keep up money-rent. In this he was helped by the power of the state, for it was the class of small landlords who had formed the juries and carried out and profited by the reforms of Henry II. Thus in either case, whether the economy was servile or "free," the peasant paid the cost, but it was the "free" system which—like the exploitation of "emancipated" serfs in Russia—was "better adapted to the development of capitalism."

I hope I have said enough to illustrate the searching character and rich findings of Kosminsky's investigation. What seems most questionable is his application of them. For although he follows Savine's method, his purpose is guided by another master. In consequence there are significant differences between them. First, whereas Savine used his document to illustrate the *state* of the society which it reflected, Kosminsky goes beyond this and uses his document to illustrate a *process* ("manorialisation," "development of capitalism," "feudal reaction," etc.) which cannot possibly emerge from his evidence and which he therefore seems to presuppose. This objection has been made against Kosminsky before now and he duly takes note of it in his new preface; but I cannot help finding his prefatory disclaimers somewhat naive. For in his text he insists on using the Survey of 1279 to explain the Peasants' Revolt of 1381 (a century, after all, is "not a very long time, considering the slow rate of development of feudal society!"), and he even ends by assuring us that "already (in 1279) the bourgeois transformation of the village was under way; a new grouping of class forces was beginning to take shape there, which would find its full expression in the period of bourgeois revolution in the middle of the seventeenth century."

With that last absurdity the cloven hoof is out, and with it the second great difference between Kosminsky and Savine. Not for Academician Kosminsky is the irreverence of his former teacher, who ended his portrait of monastic society with a valedictory right-and-left at both Cardinal Gasquet and Karl Marx. "My work," he declares firmly, "has been written on the basis of Marxist-Leninist method"; and sure enough, whenever his narrative of thirteenth-century England seems becalmed, a puff from Marx or Lenin sets it going again. He even gravely assures us that he hopes, as the ultimate fruit of his labours, to trace, in medieval England, the operation of the economic law "formulated by J. V. Stalin." But I do not think we should take this too seriously. As Kosminsky himself revealed, after his recent visit to England, even eminent scholars are capable of making asses of themselves; and no doubt this last sentence was written before the Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

In *Bluecoat Chambers* (Liverpool U.P., 7s. 6d.), Mr. W. S. MacCunn describes the creation of an active arts centre for Liverpool out of the old Blue Coat Hospital.

New Novels

Born Guilty. By MANUEL ROJAS. Translated by FRANK GAYNOR. *Gollancz.* 15*s.*

The House on the Hill. By CESARE PAVESE. *Peter Owen.* Translated by W. J. STRACHAN. 13*s.* 6*d.*

The Cost of Living. By KATHLEEN FARRELL. *Macmillan.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

A Room in Paris. By PEGGY MANN. *Longmans.* 15*s.*

You may call Senor Rojas, who is a distinguished Chilean novelist and poet, the South American Gorky. *Born Guilty* has a quite strong affinity with Gorky's work. There is the same compassionate yet detached attitude to thieves, bums, tarts, and all denizens of the lower depths; the same penchant for philosophical tramps. The mood, though never sloppy, is often wistful, more Slavonic than Iberian, far removed from the gay-grim, jaunty, foxy gallows-humorous capers of those original picaresque prototypes Lazarillo de Tormes and Guzman d'Alfarache.

This is a most worthy novel, full of life though not of fire. Autobiography provides the form; there is not much construction; not much is needed. The narrator is a young Argentinian boy, an intellectual by temperament, the son of a famous thief in whose reputation he takes a rather touching filial pride. He wanders about the Argentine and Chile doing odd jobs, mostly in towns, spending a good deal of time in jail. No doubt the facts are provided by Senor Rojas' own life which has been rich in tough material, but the effect is of a creative work rather than a piece of transcription. There is plenty of criminal expertise but no sensationalism; indeed the flow seems to be almost too even, the detachment almost too complete, like that of a recent Buddhist convert who has just come back from six weeks at Tring. Also, there is very little sex in the story.

Like all good continental novels of low life, it makes you dissatisfied with the perennial tameness of the English literary scene, makes you want to rush into the Savile Club and shout: "Now then, stop all that booksy chatter! Off with those tweeds! On with these dungarees and away with you to the street, the prison, the brothel and the abattoir!"

The House on the Hill is also the story of a philosophical temperament caught up in a whirl of action, also told in the first person singular. It is an episode in the life of Corrado, a Turin schoolmaster, during the successive chaos of the bombing, the armistice, the German occupation and the civil war period that followed. He meets Cate, "an idle, mocking girl, thin, rather gawky, hot-tempered," with whom he had a rather fervid love affair eight years before. Now she has an 8-year-old son who might possibly be his; playing with him Corrado recaptures a little of his own vanished youth. The juxtaposition of this nodal point in his personal life against the background of wartime disintegration and partisan activities, with all their attendant ideological complexities and conflicts, is very nicely brought off. The last few pages express a depression so deep that they seem to foreshadow Signor Pavese's tragic suicide in 1950.

Our other two novels this week are both Anglo-Saxon and feminine: stories of love affairs among young artists. *The Cost of Living* reads so well that I immediately start scrutinising it for flaws, like a fence to whom a burglar has brought an exceptionally large diamond. Is it not just a little too whimsical, tinged with repertory actress's mentality? I think on the whole not. Anyway, it gives you a genuinely vivid glimpse of Hampstead espresso life in the mid-fifties. Marianne tells the story, in the intervals of copy-typing. Alexandra, a child-and-cat painter who lives in the attic, has the love affairs—with a series of unsatisfactory young men; one in particular is a monster of conceit and phoneyness. Marianne, who is, you are allowed to see, just that much more infatuated by her chum than

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she will admit, lends handkerchiefs and moral support. There is also a lusty, busty continental young person named Pisa. The form is circular, beginning with one party and ending with plans for another. Miss Farrell has real talent. She strikes a cunning balance between lightness and brightness and sensitivity and hidden depths. She doesn't use many words; her dialogue is very good indeed, packed with character.

A Room in Paris is about a young American painting abstractions on a G.I. grant and getting Janet, a nubile American business girl, to live with him. It is all very readable, and some of the love-making parts are tender and true. The last third, in the south of France, with each trying to make the other jealous, is unreal and contrived; the cloven hoof of the script-writer shows through the nylon mesh. (Actually, my insincerity-meter registered an alarming click at the opening sentence: "As the cold weather came on, Stanley Kagen began to think about getting himself a winter girl.")

MAURICE RICHARDSON

Russia's Past

A Short History of Russia. By RICHARD CHARQUES. *Phoenix House.* 18*s.*

It would be a poor compliment to say that Mr. Charques has written the best short history of Russia in English; for there is really nothing else to set beside it. His book is a model of brevity and arrangement, establishing for the reader a clear impression of Russia's development from the earliest time to the present day. Mr. Charques is particularly effective in discussing the land question in all its aspects. He is not quite as clear when he comes to the system of administration; and one is often left wondering how this vast concern ever kept going at all. It would have been useful to have had more about Russian finance, so far as it existed, and something more precise on her military resources. These are trivial complaints. On two larger points Mr. Charques might have helped us more. He is obviously well-versed in Soviet works of history and often suggests that he is striking a balance between different views; but these are put forward in an impersonal, aloof way. It would have given us more idea what is going on in Soviet Russia if he had written bluntly: older historians say *this*, Soviet historians say *that*, and if he could have shown how Soviet historians differed among themselves, so much the better.

More generally, Mr. Charques tends to treat Russia in isolation, as any writer is inclined to do when he is writing the history of a single country. His book leaves the impression that Russia is a very queer place, quite unlike anywhere else. So of course it has been in some aspects and in some periods. Russia has its own alphabet, a Christian church markedly different from the Church in the West, and some experiences—such as the Mongol invasions—of a unique kind. But it is also unmistakably European. In the eighteenth century, for example, there was little to distinguish Russia from the empire of the Habsburgs—the same economic conditions, the same system of land tenure, the same social values. The great cleavage between Russia and the western world is an affair only of the last hundred years, starting perhaps when Russia escaped the revolutions of 1848 and was then excluded from the European system by the Crimean war. By the beginning of the twentieth century Russia was becoming "Europeanised" once more; and even the Bolshevik revolution was rather a conquest of Russia by Europe than the other way round. Mr. Charques tries to explain recent Soviet history in terms of Russia's past—the enduring features, Stalin as the heir of the Tsars, and so on. True enough no doubt, yet he was also the heir of the nineteenth-century revolutionaries; and the present rulers of Russia perhaps know what they are doing when they attempt to evoke tradition by displaying, in unsullied purity, the portraits of Marx and Lenin.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

Week-end Competition

No. 1,370

Set by Bimbo

Negotiations are in progress that may lead to reciprocal tourist arrangements between this country and the U.S.S.R. Competitors are invited to submit an extract from a Travel Agency blurb designed to encourage class-conscious and/or cultured Russians to spend their holidays in the United Kingdom. Limit 100 words; entries by June 12.

Result of No. 1,367

Set by Hilbrian

Competitors are asked to suggest in not more than 12 lines of verse the bird's reply to the poet in any one of these cases: the cuckoo to Wordsworth; the robin to Blake ("a robin redbreast in a cage"); the owl to Gray ("the moping owl doth to the moon complain"); or the raven to Poe.

Report

"A wit's a feather," said Pope, but here were feathered wits in flocks. There was no need to call for the robin-redbreast—he was there contentedly occupying his cage; while the raven might well have grown hoarse in reproving what Guy Hadley called Poe's "rigmarole of sorrow for the maiden called Lenore." As for the responsive owls and cuckoos, their cries would have deafened the poets.

Among critical birds, Aurea Rolfe's cuckoo fixed a beady eye on Wordsworth's defects of observation:

> Nor were we babbling to the glens
> "Of sunshine and of flowers";
> Our mates are silent (unlike men's),
> So do we call to ours.

And R. L. Bingham's bird asked contemptuously,

> O witless Willy! Don't you know
> We cuckoo as we fly?

Other competitors noticed the odd position of the lamp in Poe's verses, "above a bird, above a bust, above a door," as J. A. Lindon put it. The owl's chief occupations seemed to be hunting and mating, but H. J. R. (and others) pointed out that there is good authority for callin.g that bird's note merry.

J.R. and M. M. Till's bird's-eye view of Wordsworth deserves quoting:

> A speck amid the gorse,
> Now list'ning to a cottager,
> Now talking to a horse.

—but first prize must go to F. Sinclair for an entry which reads like the very coinage of an owl's brain. The other four entries printed earn a guinea each. Runners-up: A. M. P. (robin), Sheena Pearce (owl), J. A. Lindon (raven), Hilary (cuckoo) and H. A. C. Evans (owl). And a special rosette to Susan Southall for indicating that the next generation of competitors will be well up to standard.

THE OWL'S REPLY TO GRAY

Who, who has dared to treat us owls so ill?
(With us, of course, it's U to use two whos)
To whomsoe'er it was, I take my quill
To twit him for his quite erroneous views.

Doubtless some elegiac poet grey
Too witless and too wooden in the head
To understand a whit of what we say
Has misconstrued my twilight serenade.

No, I did not complain, I'm not a grouse
(I do not give two hoots, when I am blue)
You heard me call my love to share a mouse
For that's our owlish way, to wit, to woo.

F. SINCLAIR

To sit alone is not the end in view,
I have another aim, to wit—to woo;
And hoping, more than moping, here I flew,
Buoyed up with one intent, to wit—to woo.

Far ruder than your rude forefathers, you
Delay my mate (already overdue),
Who thinks another 'neath our rendezvous
Would spoil our little game, to wit—to woo.

Of ivy-mantled bow'rs there are too few
To serve our purpose sweet, to wit—to woo.
Darkness was left to us as well as you.
The ploughman homeward went—won't you go too?

JOYCE JOHNSON

THE CUCKOO TO WORDSWORTH

O noble poet! I have read
Twice through your eulogy.
You mean some other bird instead!
You surely can't mean *me*?

Such fine thoughts, it must be confessed,
Are shared by so few others.
You ought to hear the views expressed
By my dear foster-brothers.

And please omit this "fairy" rot;
I'm flesh and blood right through.
Or I shall wonder if you're not
A little cuckoo, too.

V. ROSE

THE ROBIN TO BLAKE

I quite agree that Heaven must hate
The wire-encompassed robin's fate,
But never bird was penned in cage
Like men imprisoned for a wage,
Who forty years are daily seen
Immured within the seven-fifteen.
Poor captive selves, who all day long
Are cramped sans freedom, air and song!
And when the twilight falls again
They waste it, stifled in a train:
This mock of life from morn to sleep
Must make the hosts of Heaven to weep.

RHODA TUCK POOK

City Lights

Acceptance Not Recommended

Take-over bids, like general elections, sometimes produce a ding-dong battle for support. But the news of a bid is often enough by itself to range shareholders on one side or the other, and the counter-statements of the two parties can then be aimed only at the floating voter. This seems to be the case with Mr. Clore's bid for Scottish Motor Traction. Sears has put forward its offer. The directors of S.M.T. (with one exception, chairman till he became it) have announced that their telephones are hot with the protests of indignant shareholders and recommended the rejection of the bid. But the statement in which they give their reasons for advising its rejection will gain the allegiance only of those who already support them, and Mr. Clore's counterblast, when it comes, will probably be along the same lines. The broad facts are already known, the main decisions already made: everything is over, bar the voting.

In fact, the points made in the S.M.T. statement are very much what might have been expected. The directors intend to double the dividend to 20 per cent.—that is, to the level offered by Mr. Clore's proposed share-exchange. They could hardly do anything else, short of handing back shareholders their capital, but they say very little about the extent to which this doubled dividend will be covered by current profits. They are confident in the growth prospect before their company, and they aim to earn 20 per cent. on any new business they may acquire with their £1¼m of cash. But intentions, particularly when they have remained intentions for so long, may be no substitute for an immediate offer. They point out that S.M.T. shares are much better backed by hard assets than are those of Sears. But companies are normally valued in the market at a higher price than their assets alone would justify, the difference representing

their estimated ability to earn profits; and S.M.T. shares, until the Sears' offer turned up, stood at about 7s. 6d., against an asset value on the directors' reckoning of 13s. 6d. It was just this discrepancy, reflecting an inefficient use of assets, which provided the opportunity for a bid. The final point made by the directors of S.M.T., the much higher proportion of cash in their company than in Sears, is Mr. Clore's case in a nutshell.

This first circular, then, leaves matters very much as they were: it has had no effect on share prices. But one interesting point emerges from it, quite casually. The Alexander Findlay subsidiary, bought by S.M.T. last year for £650,000, last year earned £288,000—an apparent return of 44 per cent. Unless there are peculiarities of capital structure involved, the S.M.T. board seems to have as good an eye for a bargain as Mr. Clore.

* * *

One can be either intrigued or amused by the very different results for last year produced by the discount houses. To a large extent, these reflect differences of timing, those firms whose financial year ended most recently having had more time to make good bond losses with high running profits on bills. But this is not the whole story. King & Shaxson, for example, one of the smaller houses, got its profit up by nearly half in the year ended April 30, and its dividend, after a scrip issue, is 2/7ths higher. What happened, quite simply, is that the company borrowed more and extended its business, but reduced its interest in bonds. It was thus able to avoid the heavy losses suffered by some other houses and to do very well out of the high Treasury bill rate.

This seems a very sensible course to have followed. But the company's results have evoked criticism, which is not entirely a matter of sour grapes. The discount houses are private concerns run for profit, but they are also part of the monetary machine. The authorities have edged forward the myth that, like the banks, they have a duty towards the machine overriding their duty towards their shareholders, and that if they sometimes draw profits from the shifts of monetary policy they must also be prepared to take losses. The larger houses have accepted this peculiar position: they are conscious of the fact that only special intervention by the authorities has kept them in existence, and that other countries seem to manage quite well without any discount houses at all.

It is therefore slightly shocking to find one of the smaller houses turning the shifts of monetary policy to its own advantage. If the others were to adopt this unprincipled attitude it might be impossible to keep going the restrictive conventions which at present give the market a comfortably civil service existence. The houses would have either to find themselves an economic niche in the money market or to do something quite different for their living.

There are many foreigners who do not understand that private business may have an overriding sense of public duty, or that a gentleman's agreement can replace a regulation. They may take the persistently easy liquidity position of the banks as evidence that the credit squeeze is failing. The pound has been rather weaker recently, the effect of the last Bank Rate rise is exhausted, the seasonally good period for the gold reserve is three-quarters past. Mr. Macmillan cannot afford to take any risks.

TAURUS

The Chess Board

No. 342. Death of an Elephant

"A wounded elephant is led into the jungle to die, and that's where he will take me"; thus spake Bronstein at Amsterdam when showing our friend Harold Lommer his adjourned position against Smyslov, presently to be resumed. Here is this decisive and truly remarkable game, played in the 16th round of the "Candidates' Tournament."

(1)	P-QB4	Kt-KB3	(30) Kt x P	K-B1
(2)	Kt-KB3	P-B4	(31) R-R1	B-Q7?(R-B8ch!)
(3)	P-KKt3	P-Q4	(32) P-K6!!	B-Kt4(PxP?)
(4)	B-Kt2	Kt-B3	(33) P-R4!	P x P
(5)	P x P	Kt x P	(34) R-KB3 ch	K-Kt1
(6)	Kt-B3	Kt-B3	(35) B-R3!	B-Q2
(7)	O-O	P-K3	(36) R x P	P x Kt
(8)	P-Kt3	B-K2	(37) R x B	B-B3
(9)	B-Kt2	O-O	(38) B-K6 ch	K-B1
(10)	R-B1	Q-R4	(39) R-B7 ch	K-K1
(11)	Kt-R4	R-Q1	(40) R-QKt7	R-B8 ch
(12)	Q-B2	Kt-QKt5	(41) K-Kt2	R-Q3
(13)	Q-Kt1	KKt-Q4	(42) B-B5	P-Kt3?(P-R3!)
(14)	P-QR3	Kt-R3	(43) B-Q3	B-K2
(15)	P-K4	Kt-B3	(44) R-K3	R-Q2
(16)	B-B3	Q-Kt4	(45) R x P	P-Q5
(17)	KR-Q1	P-B5!	(46) R-B3	B-Q3
(18)	B x Kt	B x B	(47) R-R6	B-B4
(19)	R x P	Q-R4	(48) R-R8 ch	K-K2
(20)	P-K5!	B-K2(B x P?)	(49) R-KR8	K-Q3
(21)	Kt-B3	B-Q2(Q x P?)	(50) R-QB8	K-Q4
(22)	P-QKt4	Q x RP	(51) P-R5!	R-B6(P x P?)
(23)	P-Kt5	Kt-Kt5	(52) P x P	P x P
(24)	Kt-Kt5	B x Kt	(53) R-QB6!	R-QKt2
(25)	Q x Kt	Q x Q	(54) R x P	R x B
(26)	R x Q	R-K1	(55) R x R	K-B5
(27)	P-Q4	QR-B1	(56) R-Q1	P-Q6
(28)	R-Kt3	P-QKt3	(57) R-QB1 ch	K x P
(29)	P-Q5	P x P	(58) R-Kt5	resigns

This strong game (and Keres's defeat in the next round) virtually ensured Smyslov's second chance to challenge the world champion. A most worthy contender, but my heart goes out to Petrosyan, undismayed by that horrible accident of leaving his Q *en prise* in a clearly won position against Bronstein. He may well be considered the tournament's "moral victor" by those of us apt to commiserate with one another about the points and ½ points "given away." For, having completely outplayed Bronstein merely to throw the full point away by an incredible oversight, young Petrosyan overpowered the great Smyslov no less convincingly and reached this position in which all he had to do was . . . R-Q7, followed by . . . B x Kt and the other R crashing in irresistibly at f2. Instead of this obvious conclusion he played (29) . . . R(1)-QKt1?, whereupon Smyslov escaped by (30) R x B!, Q x R. (31) Kt x P!! He still had to fight very hard for the draw, but he got it, thereby "robbing" poor Petrosyan of yet another ½ point.

A: Petrosyan 1956

B: Keres 1942

C: Smyslov 1938

Then again (Black against Panno), Petrosyan reached this dominating position. White blundered by (17) Q-Q6, whereupon Petrosyan *could* have won a P, but didn't. Yet, it's none too difficult a 4-pointer for beginners. **B** (a win), and **C**, (a draw), rate the customary 6 and 7 ladder-points respectively. Usual prizes. Entries by June 11.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 339. Set May 12

A: (1) . . . Q-R8 ch, followed by . . . Kt-K2 ch and . . . Kt x Kt.

B: *Keys*: P-B4 ch.

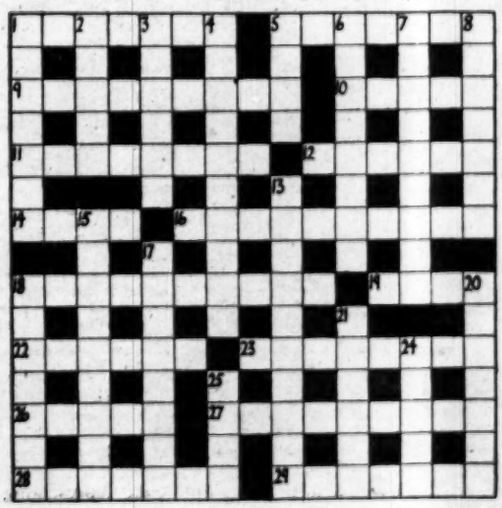
C: (1) Kt-K8 ch, K-K3, (2) Kt-B7 ch, K-Q3, (3) Kt x R, R x P, ch, (4) K-Kt1, K x Kt, (5) R-Q7 ch, K-K5, (6) Kt-B2 ch, K-K6, (7) Kt-Q1 ch, etc.

Many stumped by **C**. Prizes shared by E. A. Barclay-Smith, W. H. L. Brooking, E. W. Carmichael, A. J. Roycroft, M. Rumney. Equally correct: A. J. Bamford, D. E. Cohen. In the 25th ladder-decade 1st prize to G. S. Fisher who scored 793 points since starting from scratch after the 16th decade in April '54. 2nd J. Mitchell (765) who was one of the 11th decade winners in February '53. L. J. Jackson (732) in 3rd and W. H. Hancock (718) gets the 4th prize.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 201

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword No. 201, N.S.&N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on June 12.



ACROSS

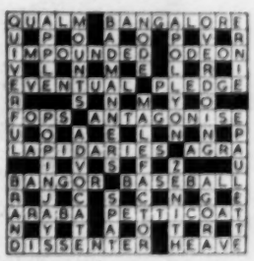
1. Genius starts as backward swot (7).
5. Promote a garment in front of the queen (7).
9. Though lacking in judgment is a leader at heart (9).
10. Salary for an extortioner (5).
11. Split five in untidy creases (8).
12. Change of mood in a cape (6).
14. Cries of shoot back with the centre missing (4).
16. Bend one's leg for a politician (10).
18. Walks for me before the chair returns (10).
19. Peer's fairy associate (4).
22. Bad-tempered as a Shavian doctor in an Essex town (6).
23. Play unskilfully with a favourite whore (8).
26. Climbing plant with a claw turned back (5).
27. Musician established in the money (9).
28. Prodigal poet (7).
29. Somehow one can and must have a room of one's own (7).

DOWN

1. Impersonation makes a girl weep (7).
2. Tea girl (5).
3. "Be sure of it; give me the —— proof" (*Othello*) (6).
4. I turn dials in the dismantling of works (10).
5. The dog for the fog (4).
6. Press one for an answer (8).
7. Where they retire when their game is not in form (9).
8. Contrivance in a boat which serves as a hooter with something around which spells danger (7).
13. Anticipates everything in the woods (10).
15. Give some support to the supporters and secure a natural increase (9).
17. Vital piece of wood for part of the instrument (8).
18. Preserves a broadcaster (7).
20. "All the —— is Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream" (*Julius Caesar*) (7).
21. Large vessel in a future engagement (6).
24. Small, so make a fuss of it (5).
25. A river is a river (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 199


QUALM BANGALORE
UPPO A O PYR
IMPOUNDED ODEON
VLN M E LRI
EVENTUAL PLEDGE
R S N M Y O
FOPS ANTAGONISE
U O A E L N N P
LAPIDARIES AGRA
I V S F Z U
BANGOR BASEBALL
R J C S C N G E
ARABA PETTICOAT
N Y T A O T R T
DISSENTER HEAVE

PRIZEWINNERS TO NO. 199

C. S. Wilson (Nottingham), P. Hargreaves (Wigton), Mrs. L. Kerr (Ashtead).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

B.B.C. requires Assistant (British subject) in Arabic Section. Duties include responsibility to Arabic Programme Organiser for effective presentation on the air of Arabic programmes and for production and dissemination of programme publicity. Work involves supervision of staff who prepare the daily programme schedule and of Arab assistants who put the transmission on the air. Knowledge of Arabic and personal experience of at least one Arab country are important. Salary £1,110 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,440 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting Ref. "1810 N. Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. invites applications for posts in School Broadcasting Department: (a) Programme Assistant (Geography/Current Affairs) to plan and prepare programmes in these fields. Good university degree and wide general interests essential. Teaching or other educational experience, literary ability, and travel highly desirable. (b) Programme Assistant (Music), (women only). Duties include planning, preparation and production of music programmes for infants and juniors, and particularly of Music and Movement broadcasts. Music degree or equivalent qualifications and educational experience, preferably with infants, essential. Starting salary both posts £975 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280. Requests for application forms (indicating post applied for, enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "1790 N.Stm.") should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within five days. When returning completed application form candidates should submit covering letter giving additional details and reasons for wishing to work in School Broadcasting Department.

B.B.C. requires Education Officer, based in Glasgow. Duties include visiting schools in connection with School Broadcasting and holding meetings and discussions with teachers and educational bodies. University degree and varied educational experience essential, including experience of teaching in school and wide knowledge of the Scottish educational system. Salary £975 (may be higher if qualifications exceptional) rising by 5 annual increments to £1,280 p.a. Prescribed application form, further details of the post and information on the superannuation position of teachers serving with the B.B.C. can be obtained from Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. Please enclose addressed foolscap envelope and quote reference "1799 NStm." Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is 14 days from date of this insertion.

FEDERATION of Rhodesia and Nyasaland. Vacancies: Statisticians. Central African Statistical Office: Ministry of Finance. Applicants, under 35, must possess, or obtain this Summer, a First or Second Class Honours degree (or equivalent qualification) in Statistics, Mathematics, Economics or other appropriate subject. All applicants must have taken a University course in Statistics or have passed the examinations of an approved statistical society. Starting salary (men): £800-£1,100, depending on quals. and exp., on scale rising to £1,600; (women) £680-£840, depending on quals. and exp. on scale rising to £1,280 p.a. Senior posts, with salaries of up to £2,850 filled by internal promotion. N.B. As allowance can be made in certain cases, for National Service in the assessment of commencing salaries, an Honours graduate without experience could start at £1,000 p.a. Application forms and further details from the Federal Public Service Attaché, Rhodesia House, 429 Strand, London, W.C.2. Closing date June 9.

UNIVERSITY of Birmingham. Department of French. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer (Grade II) in French. Salary scales: £550 to £650 or £650-£1,350 (efficiency bar at £900), according to qualifications and experience. The successful candidate will be required to take up his duties on October 1, 1956. Application (five copies), with testimonials and the names of not more than three referees, must be received not later than June 13, 1956, by the Assistant Registrar, The University, Edmund Street, Birmingham 3, from whom further particulars obtainable.

THE University of Hull. Departments of Theology and Adult Education. Applications are invited for a joint appointment in the above Departments of Assistant Lecturer or Lecturer in Theology, depending on qualifications and experience. Salary on scale £550×£50—£650 or £650×£50—£1,350 per annum, with F.S.S.U. and children's allowances. Experience in lecturing to adult students desirable. Further particulars from the undernoted with whom applications (nine copies) must be lodged not later than June 16, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

ST. Margaret's Hospital, Great Barr Park, Birmingham 22a. (Mental Deficiency Hospital—1,491 beds.) Appointment of Social Worker. Applications are invited from suitably qualified persons for the above appointment. Preference will be given to candidates possessing qualifications laid down by Whitley Council. Salary Scale £495×£15—£510×£20—£550×£25—£750 per annum if qualified. Applications, stating age, exp., qualifications & names of 3 referees, to Medical Superintendent immediately.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

IS there any married woman doctor interested in people, gynaecology and problems of fertility and marriage, willing take over remunerative part-time practice—New Zealand at short notice? As at present arranged all afternoons, weekends and school holidays free. Income £4,000. Owner in London for 3 weeks. Box 5072.

THE University of Hull. Department of Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Temporary Staff Tutor in English Literature for the period September 1, 1956, to August 31, 1957, on the salary scale £550×£50—£650 or £650×£50—£1,000 per annum according to qualifications and experience. Children's allowances payable. Special interest in Twentieth Century Literature and experience in lecturing to adult audiences desirable. Further particulars from the undernoted with whom applics. (9 copies) must be lodged not later than June 16, 1956. W. D. Craig, Registrar.

SCIENCE Graduate (male) to teach science and mathematics in the Upper School of a co-educational independent day school, which is rapidly expanding. Teacher (arts graduate preferred) for Junior School (12 year olds). Two Teachers for infants (6 years and 5 years). Teacher for 9 year olds. These appointments commence September, 1956. Outward ocean fare will be paid. Applicants should write airmail to The Principal, St. George's School, 3090 Westmount Blvd., Montreal, Canada.

THE University of Manchester. Ashburne Hall of Residence. Applications are invited for the post of Vice-Warden of this Hall which accommodates about 210 women students. The Vice-Warden will also act as Tutor to one wing (70 students). The duties of Hall Librarian may also be attached to the appointment. Duties to commence in late September, 1956. Stipend not less than £450 per annum according to qualifications and experience, together with board and residence. Applications must be submitted not later than June 11, 1956, to the Registrar, The University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars may be obtained.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests and qualifications in Medieval Economic History. Salary scale £550 to £650 per annum with membership of F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than June 22, 1956, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for the official weekly journal of the National Union of Teachers. Wide range of editorial work. Salary £700 p.a. Pension Scheme. Applications, giving names of two referees, should be sent by June 14 to the Editor, The Schoolmaster & Woman Teacher's Chronicle, Hamilton House, Hastings Street, London, W.C.1.

TUTORS wanted, between 25 and 40, to take English classes in Summer Course for Continental students, held on Suffolk Coast from July 20 until September 1. One vacancy from early June. Applicants should be men of the highest integrity with first-rate references and a genuine interest in teaching. Degree in English or Modern Languages, appropriate teaching experience, and good discipline essential. Presence, personality and organising ability distinct assets. Very pleasant summer post in ideal country surroundings. High standard of living and comfortable background. Salary according to experience. Write, with full details and copies of testimonials, to Box 4661.

LONDON County Council—Administrative vacancies in Major Establishment. An examination will be held in London on July 16 and 17, 1956, open to candidates born on or between November 2, 1930, and November 1, 1935, who are University graduates or undergraduates in last year of degree course. Age allowance for regular service in H.M. Forces. Commencing salaries according to age between £423 at 21 and £599 at 26. Scale rises to £775. Good conditions, generous leave scales, prospects of promotion. Apply to Director of Establishments (A.2), County Hall, Westminster Bridge, S.E.1, for detailed leaflet and application form M.E.1. Closing date June 11. (412.)

EDUCATIONAL Assistant required for schemes of adult education in a large co-operative society. Experience of co-operative education desirable. Salary £600 p.a., plus bonus in accordance with the society's rules. Superannuation scheme. No living accommodation available. Details and application form to be returned by Wednesday, June 20, from the Education Secretary, Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society, Ltd., 15 Park Vista, Greenwich, S.E.10.

INTELLIGENT Woman with patience, tolerance and adaptability required for work with psychotic and maladjusted children aged 3-10, in Home 20 miles from Central London. Some previous experience with children, and a keen interest in their welfare, essential. Applications to and further particulars from Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

YOU can fill only one vacancy no matter how many others exist. Possibly we may have that one to suggest at Stella Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. TRAfalgar 9090.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TOYNBEE Hall. Woman with training and experience in social work as Old People's Welfare Organiser. Apply to The Warden, Toynbee Hall, 28 Commercial Street, E.1.

NATIONAL Council of Social Service has vacancy Administrative Assistant for interesting work in Old People's Welfare Department; shorthand-typing essential; Degree or Social Science Diploma advantage. Starting salary £450 p.a. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, with two testimonials to the Secretary, 26 Bedford Square, W.C.1, within a fortnight.

FEDERAL Union offers responsible post to man of character, energy, organising ability. Write: 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

LONDON Charity requires a Lady case worker; applicant must be a graduate trained in family case work and must also have been employed in a family case work agency. At least 3 years' experience is essential. Salary by arrangement. Apply Box 4853.

SHORTHAND-Typist with fluent French required for a travel organisation with offices near Baker Street Station. Minimum speeds 120/60. Salary on scale £430 rising to £475 with supplementary bonus payable for language qualifications. Three weeks' holiday, paid overtime, pension scheme, substantial foreign holiday concessions, good working conditions. Applications should state shorthand-typing speeds and give a typed summary of past experience. Box 5034.

GERMAN-English Secretary to Director of London office of large German concern required. This vacancy calls for an efficient, reliable and experienced lady with shorthand in both languages. Interesting position with good salary in pleasant surroundings offered. Write Box 5224, Frost-Smith Advg., 64 Finsbury Pavement, E.C.2.

THE Stepney Old People's Welfare Association invites application for an Assistant Secretary, to commence in August. Secretarial training and experience essential, together with experience of social work. Salary according to age and experience. Applications stating age, qualifications and experience, to be made to the Secretary, Stepney Old People's Welfare Association, Royal Foundation of Saint Katharine, Butcher Row, Ratcliffe, E.14.

SHORTHAND-Typist. Interesting and varied shorthand-typing work in a trade union office close to Waterloo. Salary 135s.-185s. 6d. according to age. Five-day week could be arranged. Particulars from L.C.C. Staff Association, County Hall, S.E.1.

PART-time Secretary, 15-hour week, interesting non-commercial work, pleasant conditions. 'Phone KNI. 2566.

CLERK/Typist to run office of Film Company. Must be able to work on own initiative. Box 5013.

INVOICE typist required for Collet's Head Office, 44 Museum St., London, W.C.1. Gr. 1 (£8 5s.). Model T.U. agreement. Holiday arrangements respected. Write, or phone CHA. 4756 for appointment.

CLERK/Typist, good at figures, for Trade Union Benefit Scheme. Box 4637.

EDUCATED women are offered posts with short hours as temporary typists and shorthand-typists at good rates of pay. St. Stephen's Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, and 316 Vauxhall Bridge Road, S.W.1.

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THE Irene Forster Agency, 66 Marchmont St., W.C.1. TERminus 8566. Employment in schools, colleges, institutions, offices of societies, etc. Teachers, secretaries, housekeepers, matrons, caretakers, etc. Posts vacant and wanted. Also Lecture and Concert Agency for clubs, colleges, schools.

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NORTHAMPTON Repertory Theatre req. Chief Electrician. Modern remote-control switchboard. Electrician without previous theatre exp. considered. Apply by letter. Gen. Manager, Repertory Theatre, Northampton.

COOK urg. needed 50-100 children, boys' school, country, S. England. Child over 4 welcome. Perm. Box 4873.

NURSE-governess, Catholic, 20-40, for 2-year-old boy in distinguished Italian family in Rome. Good salary. Write particulars of qualifications and exp., enclose photo. Morelli, 2 Via Filippo Lippi, Rome.

HOUSEKEEPER/Clerk required to take charge of Chelsea house (no domestic work), manage small domestic staff, undertake clerical duties. Must be able to type. Accom. available if required. Box 4788.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

TWO retired, domesticated professional women needed to run home of and care for blind, ageing gentlewoman. Easy house, friendly village, separate bed-sitting rooms. Church of England preferred. Friends or separate applications welcomed by Mrs. Martin Ware, Tilford, Farnham, Surrey.

NURSE, residential, permanent or temporary, wanted for London Jewish Old Age Home. Please state experience and qualifications. Box 5006.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

ENGLISHMAN, 28, seeks post teaching English as a foreign language or other employment, preferably where interest in language and social-linguistic matters is useful. Avail. from Nov., 1956. George L. Baurley, Berlitz Sprachschule, Essen, Germany.

CAMBRIDGE man about to graduate sks. intrsing. job for summer. Box 4764.

GERMAN girl, 22, Cambridge Proficiency, shorthand typist, requires job August. London area. Box 4675.

MALE Arts Grad. (38), sing., sks. change. Expd. Accounts, Costs, Statistics. Was State Scholar, chess half blue, T.U. Branch Secretary. Not nec. commercial. Box 4766.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

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PERSONAL

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PERSONAL—continued

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P.S. Harold Ingham invites you to add your name to his mailing list for his 1957 programme of "Summer Schools Abroad," ready January. In acknowledging your enquiry he will send a copy of his 1956 programme for your information (there are still, by the way, a very few vacancies, this year, in parties to Barcelona, Lausanne, Vienna, Naples). Harold Ingham Ltd., 15 St. John's Rd., Harrow.

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ENTERTAINMENTS

TH. Royal, E.15. MAR. 5973. "The Quare Fellow." Tu.-Fri. 7.45. Sat. 5.30 & 8.30.

ARTS. Tem. 3334. Evgs. 7.30 (ex. M.), S., Su. 5 & 8. "Off the Mainland." Mems.

UNITY: EUS. 5391. Polly. John Gay's sequel to Beggar's Opera. Fri, Sat, Sun, 7.45.

IRVING. WHI. 8657. June 5. Evs. 8, Sun. 7. Ernestine Costa in "Glove, Necklace & Gun". Denis Holloway, piano. Mems.

NEW Lindsey Theatre. BAY. 2512. Com. June 5 to 17 inc. "The Maids" ("Les Bonnes") Jean Genet, preceded by "3 Men and a Chair," by Tardieu. Nightly 8 (ex. Mon.), Sats., Suns. 5 & 8. Mems.

ASIAN Music Circle (Pres.: Yehudi Menuhin)—Music of Persia, on Tues., June 5, 8 p.m. at Royal Empire Socy., Northumberland Ave., nr. Trafalgar Sq. (2) Music of Tibet, June 20, 8 p.m. at 38 Russell Sq. (Br. Inst. of Recorded Sound). Inf. of other concerts, classes, membership, etc. from Hon. Sec., A.M.C., 18 Fitzalan Rd., N.3. Tel. FINchley 2934.

EVERYMAN. HAM. 1525. Indefinitely: Jean Gabin & Arletty in Carné's Le Jour Se Lève (A). Thursday's Children (U).

ROXY Rep. Cin. BAY. 2345. June 3, 6 days, Les Enfants Du Paradis (A).

NATIONAL Film Th., Sth. Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat. June 2. Laurence Olivier in The Demi-Paradise (U). Dir.: Anthony Asquith. 2, 4, 6, 8.15. Open to public.

"CRY the Beloved Country" & document. "African Conflict" Film Show. French Inst., Queensberry Pl. S.W.7. Sat. June 23, 8 p.m. Ad. tkts. only (7s. 6d., 5s.) Write S. African New Age Cttee, 38 Eastern Rd. N.2.

I.C.A., 17 Dover Street, W.1. Sat., June 2, 8-11. Dancing to Don Simmons' Group. Mems. 3s. & their guests 5s.

THE Central London Fabian Society is back at 6 Queen Square, W.C.1, for its dance on Saturday, June 2. Come and meet your old friends and make new ones, from 8-11.30 p.m. Adm. 3s. 6d. Underground Holborn.

CONCERTS

MAURICE Greene: Oratorio Deborah & Barak, Telemann: Cantata. Pamela Bowden, Ilse Wolf, Gerald English, Norman Platt, Cantata Choir, Orchestra, cond. W. Bergmann. Sat. June 2, at 7.30. Mary Ward Settlement, 5 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. Tickets 3s. from secretary or at the door.

MASS in B Minor (Bach) sung according to the Neue Bach Ausgabe, 1954. St. Bartholomew the Great, E.C.1. Thurs., June 14, at 7 p.m. London Bach Society. Soloists: Elsa Mitchell, Kathleen Joyce, Norman Tattersall, Roger Stalman, David Price, Ralph Downes. The Riddick Orchestra. Conductor: Paul Steinitz. Admission by programme: Res. 12s. 6d & 9s. Unres. 6s. Obtainable in advance from usual agents and Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124, Wigmore St., W.1. (WEL. 8418.)

MOZART'S opera "La Finta Giardiniera." Impresario Soc., Hans Ucko; A. Dowdall, A. Young, etc. June 12 & 13, 7.30, St. Pancras Town Hall. 12s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. Chappells; Hall; MAI. 6897.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles and Turnstile Prints on show dly. 11 Gt. Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. 6d. post free.

NICOLAS de Staël 1914-55: a memorial exhibition. Whitechapel Art Gallery. Last day June 6. Weekdays 11-6; Suns. 2-6; closed Mons. Adm. free. Adjoins Aldgate East Station.

TRAFFORD Gallery, 119 Mount Street, W.1. GRO. 2021. Recent Paintings and Drawings by Philippe Jullian. Private view Wednesday, June 6 at 3 p.m.

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. Renoir—50 paintings from European Collections. In aid of the Renoir Fountation. Closes June 23. Adm. 3s. Students 1s. 6d. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-12.30.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. XIX- & XX-Century French Paintings. Daily 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

SLATTER, 30 Old Bond St. Exhbn. Dutch & Flemish Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Sculpture and Paintings by Marino Marini. Until June 16.

BEAUX Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, W.1. Recent Portraits and other Sculptures by Louise Hutchinson. Paintings by Denis Wirth-Miller. Until June 8.

PROSPECT Gallery, 13 Duke St., St. James's, S.W.1. Pntgs. by Colin Allen, Kenneth Long, Sheila Pratt, Ernest Zobok.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Rodin Bronzes against a Background of French Drawings.

GALLERY One, 20 D'Arblay Street, Soho, W.1. New sculpture by Peter King.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Exhibition of paintings, sculpture & mosaics by seven contemporary Venetian artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-6. Sat. 10-1. Adm. 6d. Until June 30.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood. Soane Exhib. Adm. Free. Wkdays. 10-7. Suns. 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Grn. Stns.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

CORSHAM Court, Nr. Bath. Open Wed., Thurs., Suns., April-Oct. Elizabethan; Georgian interior. Adam and Chippendale furniture; famous Methuen Collection Old Masters. 11-12.30, 2-6. 2s. 6d.

CAMBRIDGE Soc. of Painters & Sculptors. 2nd Exhibition. Arts Council Gallery, All Saints' Passage, Cambridge, June 2-23, daily except Sundays. 10.30-6.30.

SOME 20th Century Spanish Paintings. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till June 9. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats., 10-6, Tues. & Thurs., 10-8. Admission 1s.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, The Wellcome Building, Euston Road, N.W.1. Exhibitions: Child Welfare Through the Ages: The Medicine of Aboriginal Peoples. From May 17, The Evolution of Measures for the Promotion of the Nation's Health. Mon.-Friday 10-5. Adm. Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

MOVEMENT for Colonial Freedom. Public Meetings. "South Africa—Human Rights," Central Hall, Westminster, 7.30 p.m., Fri., June 8, 1956. Speakers: Rt. Hon. Aneurin Bevan, M.P., A. Wedgwood Benn, M.P., Canon L. John Collins, Victor Gollancz, Lady Megan Lloyd-George, Fenner Brockway (Chairman). Tickets 1s. from Movement for Colonial Freedom, 374 Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1. Delegate Conference on South Africa, Beaver Hall, E.C.4, 2.30-10 p.m., June 9, 1956. Delegates 2s. 6d., observers 1s. Speakers: Canon L. John Collins, Solly Sachs, Jennie Lee, M.P., Joseph Grimond, M.P. (Liberal Party Chief Whip), Seretse Khama & others.

MODERN Churchmen's Union annual general meeting, Tues., June 12, St. Margaret's Church, Lothbury, E.C. (at the rear of the Bank of England), 3.15 p.m. Public meeting, Rev. Norman Motley, "Liberals & Evangelism," 5.30 p.m. Annual service & sermon, Rev. C. S. Milford.

"BRITISH-Asian & Overseas Socialist Fellowship." The London Branch Monthly Coffee Hours are now well established and for our June Coffee Hour—on Thursday, 7th, 7 p.m.—we invite you to meet our members and our guest speaker, Mr. William Gaussman (U.S. Embassy Information Officer). We shall be as usual at the India Club, 41 Craven St. (by Charing X Stn.) Adm. inc. refreshments, 1s. 6d.

CEN. Lon. Fabian Soc. Wed., 7.30, June 6, Policy Making—the Co-op. Contribution. Ted Bedford, 2 Bloomsbury Sq., W.C.1. 2s.

MAPAM'S Delegates Mr. S. S. Silverman, M.P., and Mr. I. Nathani report on the 24th World Zionist Congress at Barclay House, 783 Finchley Road, Golders Grn., N.W.11. Wed., June 6 at 8. All welc.

THE Linguists' Club, Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8, 6 p.m. June 9, Mr. Peter Curran: "The Pleasures of Poetry."

PUSHKIN Club, 24 Kensington Park Gdns., W.11. Fri., June 1, at 8. F. F. Seeley, "Pushkin's Love Lyrics." Fri., June 8, at 8, N. Naef, "Maly Theatre in Old Moscow."

ROSENBERG-Sobell Meeting. Speakers: Sidney Silverman, M.P., The Rev. Dr. Donald Soper, Monica Whately, Anne Marie Walter, M.B.E. (author of "Moondrop to Gascony"). Chair.: The Rev. Stanley Evans. Conway Hall, June 19, 7.45. 1s. Rosenberg-Sobell Cttee., 29 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

SWAMI Ghanananda: Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., 7.30, June 7. Questions & Answers. Suns. 5 p.m. at 68 Dukes Ave., N.10: Gita. All welcome.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Square, W.C.1. Public Lecture, Wed., June 6, 6.30: "A Buddhism for England," Ven. Bhikkhu Kapilavaddho. Read "The Middle Way," 2s. 6d. quarterly (special Buddha Jayanti Number now on sale, 3s. 6d.). Information EUS. 7770.

PACIFIST Universalist Service, 3.30 Sun., June 3, King's Weigh Hse. Church, Binney St., W.1, nr. Bond St. Stn. Discrse., S. E. Parker, "Godwin's Political Justice."

YOGA Practice Society. Sunday, June 10 at 3 p.m., by special request, repeat showing of film "Life in a Yoga Ashram." 6 Cadogan Gardens, London, S.W.3. Colln.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

I.C.A., 17 Dover St., W.1. June 5, 8 p.m. Jazz Section. Tribute to Armstrong. Members 1s. 6d., guests 3s.

GUITAR Meeting! 7.30 p.m. Mon. next, June 4, Cuxton Hall. Everyone welc. Write for new free lit. giving dets. fut. mtgs., to P.S.G., 1 St. Dunstans Rd., W.6.

CHRISTMAS Humphreys (President Buddhist Society, London). "Buddhism in the World Today." June 3, 11 a.m., Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Adm. free. Free copy "Monthly Record" on request.

LECTURE and Demonstration at the Re-Education Cen., 18 Lansdowne Rd., W.11. "Posture, Movement & Tension." A Development of the methods of the late Mr. F. M. Alexander, June 5, at 8.30. Adm. 2s.

"WHAT is Happening in the Soviet Union?" Prof. Hyman Levy, Chelsea Town Hall, S.W.3. June 6, 8 p.m. Admission 1s. All welcome. Chelsea B.S.F.S.

THREEFOLD Yoga. Talks ev. Tues. 6.30 p.m., June 5, "Introduction." Seymour Hall, Seymour Pl., W.1. Arr. Shanti Sadan.

THE West London Ethical Society, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington High St., W.8. Sunday, June 3, 6.30. Music & Readings, 7 p.m. Donald Ford: "Education in a Democracy."

PHYSIOLOGY & Psychology. Three more lectures on work of Pavlov, Fri., June 1, 15 & 29, at 8 p.m., S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. June 1, Dr. M. Shapiro, "Pavlovian Physiology & Psychology." Adm. each lecture 2s. (students & S.C.R. 1s. 6d.).

"CHINESE Landscape Painting" illus. talk by William Watson. Chair: Denis Mathews, Friends' Hse., Euston Rd., Thurs., June 7, 7.30. Tkts. 1s. B.C.F.A., 228, Gray's Inn Rd., W.C.1 (TER. 2522), or at door.

INDIAN Institute of Culture, London Br., Fri., June 8, 8.30. T. E. S. Flintoff, "Plato & Modern Thought." 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2, off Leinster Terrace.

PERSONALIST Group. Buberian Dialogue. J. B. Coates and F. Lamond on "Do We Need a New Religion?" 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2. Wed., June 6, at 7.30 p.m.

11-Plus, Russia's Alternative. D. Levin. Anson Hall, N.W.2. Thurs. June 7, 8 p.m.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

DAVIES'S Training Course (evening) for prospective Teachers of English to Foreigners. July 2 to July 27. (Next course October/November.) Particulars from the Director, Davies's, 54 Hyde Park Gate, S.W.7. (WES. 6564.)

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LECTURE COURSES, ETC.—continued

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SUMMER SCHOOLS

URCHFONT Manor. Short Residential Courses. Fri., June 15-Sun., June 17, "English Tradition in Folk Song and Dance." Fri., June 22-Sun., June 24, "Statistics for Everyman." Sat., June 30-Fri., July 6, "Practical Theatre Week." Fri., July 6-Sun., July 8, "Travels in South America." Sat., July 21-Fri., July 27, "Writing for Radio and Television." Sat., Aug. 18-Fri., Aug. 24, "Archaeology of Wiltshire." Summer Programme from The Warden, Urchfont Manor, Nr. Devizes, Wilts.

"HUMAN Relations in Industry." Five-day residential course, July 23-27, suitable for managers and for University and Technical College Staff wishing to meet industrial managers. Small course, run on discussion basis, in delightful surroundings. Fee 10gns. inclusive of board and accommodation. Apply to Director of Studies, Roffey Park Institute, Horsham, Sussex.

FABIAN Summer Schools, August 18-Sept. 1. Brian Abel-Smith, Austen Albu, Arthur Blenkinsop, C. A. R. Crosland, David Eversley, Edward Hyams, Douglas Jay, Hilary Marquand, John Parker, R. S. W. Pollard, C. F. Powell, Barbara Wootton. Details, 11 Dartmouth Street, S.W.1.

CANFORD Summer School of Music. Aug. 12-26, 1956. This year's courses include: Madrigals and Motets, Violin, Violoncello, Woodwind and Brass, Choral, Three Orchestras, Pianoforte, The Harmonica, Modern Educational Ballet, Folk Dancing, General Musicianship, Recorders, Music for the Listener, School Music. Special Recitals and Lectures by: Charles Groves, Bernard Shore, Evelyn Rothwell, Edric Connor, Ronald Chesney. Prospectus from Org. Secretary, Desk H., 20 Denmark St., W.C.2.

YORK Architectural Summer Schools. "The Evolution of the Small House and Cottage," July 23-28. "A History of English Architecture," August 11-18. Fully residential in new building. Individual bed-sitting rooms. Lectures, discussions and tours. Prospectuses avail. from Sec., York Institute of Architectural Study, Micklegate, York.

ARCHAEOLOGY for All. A holiday course with eminent lecturers and visits to famous sites. August 4-11. Inclusive residential fee £10 10s. Held in the Somerset Education Committee's beautiful college for adult education. Particulars from the Warden, Dillington House, Ilminster, Somerset.

ITALIAN Summer School: June 29-July 15, at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon; also "Values in the Future."

SUMMER Art School, August 9-18. Alternating neglected Elizabethan mansion, cherished Georgian house, loveliest Herts. Life, landscape. Special terms students. Rolf, Berkhamsted Place, Herts.

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